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C R A Z Y

T A L E S.

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C R A Z Y

T A L E S

There are many different kinds of tales.

Some are true, some are false.

There is a large, round children's play.

It is made of metal, and is called a bell.

It is made of metal, and is called a bell.

It is made of metal, and is called a bell.

It is made of metal, and is called a bell.

It is made of metal, and is called a bell.

It is made of metal, and is called a bell.

It is made of metal, and is called a bell.

It is made of metal, and is called a bell.

The End of the World

L O N D O N

Printed by J. B. G. & Co. 1840

C R A Z Y
T A L E S.

Σκηνὴ τὰς ὁ Βίος καὶ παιγνιον· ἡ μάθε παίζειν
Τὴν σπαδὴν μέλας, ἡ φερε τὰς οὐνάς.

Life is a Farce, mere Children's play,
Go learn to model thine by theirs,
Go learn to trifle Life away,
Or learn to bear a Life of Cares.

J'abandonne l'exactitude

Aux gens qui riment par métier;

D'autres font des vers par étude,

J'en fais pour me desennuyer.

GRESSET.

THE FOURTH EDITION.

L O N D O N,
Printed for T. BECKET, in PALL-MALL.

M DCC LXXXV.

2

Presented by John Milford
Banker & Merchant
Exeter N.H.
John Hutton & P.R.
8 S.E.S. 1804.

10

Wm. W. Warren

30.6.84



The AUTHOR'S
DEDICATION
 to HIMSELF.

Ever honoured and worthy Sir,

***** ANTON δε μαλίσ' αίσχυνεο Καίτοι.
 * * The reverence and respect due
 * Π * to one's self is the greatest of
 * * all, says PYTHAGORAS: know-
 ***** ing how difficult it is to serve
 two masters, the Author is, and hopes he
 shall always continue, accountable only to
 one.

There is something so engaging in your
 service, that, though he can seldom do any
 thing entirely to your satisfaction, yet he
 cannot find in his heart to be angry with
 you, or to wish to change his dependence.

He is too sensible of your discernment, to have any thoughts of wheedling you into an opinion of his performance; of the two, he believes he could sooner prevail upon the world to be indulgent: The world has too much business upon its hands to be a severe judge, or to be difficult to please in trifles; the world must be amused; but, like the *besoin d'aimer*, there is no necessity for perfection to be one of the transient objects of its amusement.

All that the Author expects from you, is, that you will excuse his folly, and admit his apology for suffering such trifles to appear in public; he can deal with other critics well enough, if he is not condemned by you, being,

Ever honoured and worthy Sir,

with infinite attention,

Your most humble servant,

A. S.

Primum ego me illorum, dederim quibus esse poetas,

Excerptam numero—

Ex hoc ego sanus ab illis

Perniciem quæcunque ferunt; mediocribus, et quis

Ignoscas, vitiis teneor — ubi quid datur oî,

Illud chartis. Hoc est mediocribus illis

Ex vitiis unum; cui si concepere nolis,

Multa poëtarum veniet manus, auxilio quæ

Sit mihi: nam multo plures sumus: ac veluti te

Judæi cogemus in hanc concedere turbam.

By a *manœuvre* I conceive, &c.* an ingenious Commentator may endeavour to charge the Author with impiety, as if he ridiculed Circumcision; but besides his being led into the mention of Circumcision by HORACE, he only speaks of the operation, not of the institution; that there is an essential difference between them, as well as degrees of nicety or ingenuity in the operative part, he will demonstrate.

Nobody can deny the ingenuity of his Cousin TRISTRAM's operation, if it had been produced by contrivance and study, instead of accident. If all children were circumcised by the Shandean operation, by the fall of a sash upon the foreskin, the difference in the operation would make no change in the institution; as a Priest would be a

Priest, whether he received the Spirit by a gentle tap, or obtained it by a more violent kind of electricity, by being knocked down.

So far from any impiety in the Author's proposition, we are bound to believe, if there had been any fashes in the wilderness, that the Shandean operation would have been preferred to the Mosaic, which was performed by two flint stones; because the Shandean is more expeditious, less painful, less dangerous, and consequently nicer and more ingenious. Q. E. D.

Upon a proper occasion the Author hopes he will be able to clear himself as fully of all intentional obscenity, which may also be imputed to him by an ingenious Commentator.

TRUBLET, *vol. iv. p. 6.* "On compose pour imprimer, j'imprime pour composer. Si en composant je n'avois pas le but de l'impression, mon travail ne seroit pas assez animé pour me sauver de l'ennui, quelqueut été le sort de mes Essais, &c. J'en avois déjà retiré, avant de les publier, un fruit assez précieux que le succès même. Ils m'avoient longtems occupé sans trop m'appliquer."

T H E
A U T H O R ' s
A P O L O G Y
T o H I M S E L F .

FREE from all pernicious vice,
Yet not so scrupulously good
To want a comfortable spice,
To warm a sober Christian's blood:

The sin of Harlotry and Keeping,
Is that which I can least excuse,
That of cohabiting and sleeping
With an abandon'd common Muse:

More like a Muse's Toad-eater;
A trollop with a flippant air,
Without one amiable feature,
Or any graces to her share.

You

THE AUTHOR'S APOLOGY.

You tell me, if I needs must print,
 You'll not oppose my foolish will,
 And bid me take a sober hint
 From sober folks at Strawberry-hill,

Stand forth like them, produce yourself,
 Be elegantly bound and letter'd,
 Be wise, like them, nor quit your shelf,
 But there remain for ever fetter'd.

I do not print to get a name ;
 As TRUBLET says, I am none of those ;
 I only print, because my aim
 Is happiness whilst I compose :
 Composing gives us no delight,
 Unless we mean to publish what we write.

Scribbling, like praying, is an employment,
 In which you would think yourself a bubble.
 Without some prospect of enjoyment,
 And satisfaction for your trouble ;
 And tho' your hopes at last prove vain,
 If you have been amus'd, 'twas so much gain.

If you still tease me, and persist,
 That publishing shews a vain heart,
 The Songsters upon DONSLBY'S list
 Shall be call'd in to take my part :

And

TO HIMSELF. xi

And as they strip a lad quite bare,
After they've coax'd him from his play,
Then lay him down, and cut and pare
All his impediments away:

And as the lad, without his leave,
Is made an excellent Musician,
By a manœuvre I conceive,
As nice as TRISTRAM's Circumcision:

So, tho' you only just can scrape
Among the Fiddlers of the Nine,
They'll make you drunker than an ape,
And make you think you fiddle fine.

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C R A Z Y

T A L E S.

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Just Published,

(Price Half a Crown)

MORAL TALES,

A

CHRISTMAS NIGHT'S

ENTERTAINMENT.

By Lady * * * * *

Printed for T. BECKET.

(1)

PROLOGUE
TO THE
CRAZY TALES.

*Quod petis, hic est,
Est Ulubris animus si te non deficit æquis.*

THERE is a Castle in the North,
Seated upon a swampy clay,
At present but of little worth,
In former times it had its day.

This ancient Castle is call'd CRAZY,
Whose mould'ring walls a moat invirons,
Which moat goes heavely and lazy,
Like a poor prisoner in irons.

B

Many

Many a time I've stood and thought,
Seeing the boat upon this ditch,
It look'd as if it had been brought
For the amusement of a witch,
To sail amongst applauding frogs,
With water-rats, dead cats and dogs:

The boat so leaky is, and old,
That if you're fanciful and merry,
You may conceive, without being told,
That it resembles Charon's wherry.

A turrit also you may note,
Its glory vanished like a dream,
Transform'd into a pigeon-coat,
Nodding beside the sleepy stream.

From whence, by steps with moss o'ergrown,
You mount upon a terrace high,
Where stands that heavy pile of stone,
Irregular, and all awry.

If many a buttress did not reach,
A kind and salutary hand,
Did not encourage and beseech,
The terrace and the house to stand;

THE CRAZY TALES.

3

Left to themselves and at a loss,
They'd tumble down into the foss.

Over the Castle hangs a Tow'r,
Threat'ning destruction every hour;
Where owls, and bats, and the jackdaw,
Their Vespers and their Sabbath keep,
All night scream horribly, and caw,
And snore all day in horrid sleep.

Oft at the quarrels and the noise
Of scolding maids or idle boys,
Myriads of rooks rise up and fly,
Like legions of damn'd souls,
As black as coals,
That foul and darken all the sky.

With Wood the Castle is furrounded,
Except an op'ning to a Peak,
Where the beholder stands confounded,
At such a scene of mountains bleak;

Where nothing goes
Except some solitary pewet,
And carrion crows,
That seem sincerely to rue it,

Left

B 2

That

PROLOGUE TO

That look as if they had been banish'd,
And had been sentenc'd to be famish'd.

Where nothing grows,
So keen it blows,
Save here and there a graceless fir,
From Scotland, with its kindred fled,
That moves its arms, and makes a stir,
And tosses its fantastic head,
That seems to make a noise and cry,
Only for want of company.

So a Scotch Minister in pulpit,
Is wrought by his gesticulation,
'Till he is taken with a dull fit,
Peculiar to that vocation.

He cries, and throws about his snivel,
Their hearts are harder than the flint,
They let him weep alone, and drivel,
For not a soul will take the hint.

In this retreat, whilom so sweet,
Once TRISTRAM and his Cousin dwelt,
They talk of CRAZY when they meet,
As if their tender hearts would melt.

Confounded

THE CRAZY TALES.

5

Confounded in Time's common urn,
With Harlots, Ministers, and Kings,
O could such scenes again return!
Like those insipid common things!

Many a grievous, heavy heart,
To CRAZY Castle would repair,
That grew, from dragging like a cart,
Elastic, and as light as air.

Some fell to fiddling, some to fluting,
Some to shooting, some to fishing,
Others to pishing and disputing,
Or to computing by wishing.

And in the evening when they met,
(To think on't always does me good,)
There never met a jollier sett,
Either before, or since the Flood.

As long as CRAZY Castle lasts,
Their Tales will never be forgot,
And CRAZY may stand many blasts,
And better Castles go to pot.

ANTONY, Lord of CRAZY Castle,
Neither a fisher, nor a shooter,
No man's, but any woman's vassal,
If he could find a way to suit her;
Collected all their Tales into a book,
Which you may see if you go there to look.

ANTONY's

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

ANTONY'S TALE;

O R,

The Boarding-School TALE.

T A L E I.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

B 4

NTY'S

THE T. S. AGRAH

THE T. S. AGRAH

THE T. S. AGRAH

THE T. S. AGRAH

THE T. S. AGRAH

ANTONY'S TALE;

O R,

The Boarding-School T A L E.

T A L E I.

LUCY was not like other lasses,
From twelve her breasts swell'd in a trice,
First they were like two cupping-glasses,
Then like two peaches made of ice;

With swimming eyes and golden locks,
Golden embroidery and fringe,
Like an ivory or Dresden box,
Mounted with golden lips and hinge;

Or like the Glory round the head,
Of Virgin Saints, weeping and pale,
When they are sacrific'd, and led,
To martyrdom, or to a male;

Or

Or as a comet's golden tail is;
Or like the undulating light
Of the aurora borealis,
In a serene autumnal night.

It is a shame, says her Mamma,
To see a child with bib and apron,
At BARE thirteen, an age so RAW,
Grown and furnish'd like a matron.

But if it was a burning shame,
Lucy was not at all to blame,
But they, who in her composition,
Infus'd that warmth, which was the cause
Of such exuberant nutrition,
The work of vegetative laws.

'Twas at the age I mention'd,
Upon a very slight offence,
Lucy was condemn'd and pension'd,
Against all equity and sense,
Within a Boarding-school's detested walls,
Doom'd to feel all its rigours and its thralls.

To endure the hunger and the chidings!
To feel the longings and the watchings!
To dread the stealings and the hidings!
To bear the quarrels and the scratchings!

And

And then such billings and such cooings!
Such Miss-demeanours and excuses!
Such Miss-takes, and such Miss-doings!
And such Miss-fortunes, and abuses!

There was a Captain of the Guards,
A famous Knight of Arthur's table,
Expert in women, vers'd in cards,
A brother of the Turf and Stable.

He had such a command of features,
And was so droll and full of sport,
He could take off all the queer creatures,
And oddities of Arthur's Court.

Set Arthur's Worthies in a row,
So very comical a Knight,
You could not single out and shew,
Nor one that gave so much delight.

One day whilst our Knight was busy,
Extremely busy with her mother,
Lucy had run till she was dizzy,
About the Garden with her brother.

The Captain's bus'ness being done,
He faunter'd up and down the Garden,
As if he had neither lost nor won,
As if he did not care a farthing.

Yet his attention was profound,
Observing Lucy grown so tall;
Contemplating her breasts as round,
And springy as a tennis ball.

The sight, indeed, was quite bewitching,
I think I see him whilst I'm scribbling,
Mouth watering, and fingers itching,
To be both fingering and nibbling.

To gratify the two young chicks,
He roll'd his eyes, and acted Punch:
Playing a thousand monkey tricks,
Making his back a perfect bunch.

With many a filthy slobbering kiss,
Courting in Punch's squeaking tone,
And wriggling and embracing Miss,
As Punch embraces his wife Joan.

And

And how to imitate a breast,
The Captain said that Miss had plac'd,
Swelling on each side of her chest,
Two little dumplings made of paste;
At which Punch gap'd, and swore an oath,
That he would take and eat them both.

On Lucy's neck the hungry spark
Hung fix'd, like an envenom'd snake,
Leaving a deep-indented mark,
Which her Mamma could not mistake;
For which irregular proceeding,
Lucy was sent to study breeding.

Lucy was angry with good cause,
For she had seen, in former days,
Necks very like her own Mamma's,
Without a handkerchief or stays;

It might be fuller and more nourish'd,
And yet a neck not more inviting;
Lucy had seen it scrawl'd and flourish'd,
Both with marks and with hand-writing.

Lucy,

LUCY, tho' watchful and awake,
And mighty curious to know;
Perhaps was under a mistake,
What she had seen was long ago:

Would it not make one almost wild,
If it was not so very common,
To see one punish'd like a child,
Only for acting like a woman?
To see the moment after, may be,
Her mother acting like a baby.

Sent to a Governess of spirit,
LUCY was watch'd from head to foot,
Just like a rabbit with a ferret,
For ever at a rabbit's scut;
All the whole day in durance kept,
At night the Governess with LUCY slept.

But LUCY neither slept nor slumber'd,
She toss'd and tumbled all the night,
Her spirits were so much encumber'd,
And flurried by the Captain's bite.

Whether

Whether their poison they impart,
By teeth, or nails, or by a sting,
There is a virtue in some part
Of every poisonous thing.

Tho' the experiment should fright her,
Enough to throw her in a fit,
Lucy must apply the biter,
Unto the poison'd part that's bit.

Granted; but how could she contrive
To bring so hard a point to bear?
'Twould puzzle any wit alive,
That had not a great deal to spare.

There's a remark, 'twas made long since,
MACHIAVEL made it for his Prince;
"A Prince says he compleatly cruel,
"Throughout inexorably bad,
"Is an inestimable jewel,
"Seldom or never to be had."

Tho' cruel often, and hard-hearted,
Lucy's Mamma, at last, could not withstand,
She gave her blessing when they parted,
And slipt a guinea into Lucy's hand.

With

With one poor guinea Lucy bought,
All that the Wise, the Rich, and Great,
So frequently in vain have fought,
Both in the world and their retreat.

No Potestate could ever buy it,
Nor any Child of Power and Wealth,
Tranquillity or mental Quiet,
With Liberty, Content, and Health.

Lucy conducted her affairs,
So circumspectly, and so snug,
By bribes she gain'd a friend down stairs,
And made a purchase of a drug;
Which drug is, in the vulgar tongue.
Commonly called the Devil's Dung.

Within the lining of her gown,
In two small bags under each arm,
She beat and sewed it nicely down,
As if she had sewed down a charm.

The exhalation was so strong
From ev'ry part of Lucy's cloaths,
The Misses, as she pass'd along,
Brush'd away, and held their nose.

By

By far the greatest part presum'd,
 That it was owing to her hair;
 Others presum'd she was perfum'd,
 From being rotten as a pear.

The scent so violent was grown,
 Her Governess was forc'd to yield.
 The room, the maid, was all her own,
 Arms, tents, and baggage, and the field.

ODE to VENUS.

O VENUS, awful Sov'reign of the Spring,
 Could I like thy LUCRETIVS sing,
 Here would I pause, thy wonders to relate!
 Here would I pause, to hymn thy praise,
 In adamantin' words, stronger than Fate,
 And everlasting as his lays!

O'er seas and desarts, undismay'd,
 Strengthen'd by thy inspiring breath,
 The timorous and bashful maid,
 Faces both infamy and death.

Driven by thy incens'd Divinity,
 Confounding equity and truth,
 Order, and rank, and consanguinity,
 And loathsome age, and blooming youth.

Behold the frantic passion, how it burns,
 Like a wild beast, breaks ev'ry tie,
 Laughs at the Priest, the Legislator spurns,
 And gives both heav'n and earth the lie!

Let youth and insolence alone,
 Provoke thy vengeance ev'ry hour;
 But, O! spare those that know, that own,
 Adore, and tremble at thy power.

With thy propitious Doves descend,
 And hear the tender virgin's sighs,
 The humble and the meek defend,
 And bid the prostrate suppliant rise.

By VENUS, LUCY was protected,
 Nothing was hurry'd, or neglected;
 The Misses, tho' she was quite well,
 Toss'd up their noses, full of airs,
 Tho' LUCY now had no one smell,
 That was not pleasanter than theirs.

For

For a whole winter, every night
(Which made the wench grow monstrous thin)
'Till the war call'd him out to fight,
Had SUSAN let the Captain in.

Scarce had he left his native coast,
'Till LUCY, summon'd home, became
A celebrated London toast,
And the first favourite of Fame.

LUCY was follow'd by a Peer,
But all his arts could not trepan her,
After a siege of a whole year,
My Lord was forc'd to change his manner;
So, like a wife and virtuous girl,
Lucy, at last, was married to an Earl.

MY COUSIN'S TALE

OF

THE BUCK AND THE BULL

BY A. A. H.

My

A

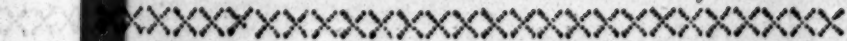


My COUSIN'S TALE,

OF

A COCK and a BULL.

T A L E II.



My Cousin's Tale

A Cock and a Bull

CHAPTER II

It was many years ago

that I was a young man

and I had no money

and I was very poor

and I was very poor

and I was very poor

I wonder how it came

it was not call'd the Tale of a Coward

indeed it was a tale of a Coward

and I was very poor

My COUSIN'S TALE,

O F

A COCK and a BULL.

T A L E II.

AT CAMBRIDGE, many years ago,
In JESUS, was a Walnut-tree;
The only thing it had to show,
The only thing folks went to see.

Being of such a size and mass,
And growing in so wise a College,
I wonder how it came pass,
It was not call'd the Tree of Knowledge.

Indeed if you attempt to run
(The air so heavy is, and muddy,)
Any great length beyond a pun,
You'll be oblig'd to sweat and study.

This is the reason 'tis so good for tifics,
And will account, why no one Soph,
No Fellow ever could hit off,
To call this Tree, the Tree of Metaphysics.

Tho' in the midst of the Quadrangle,
They every one were taught their trade;
They ev'ry one were taught to wrangle,
Beneath its scientific shade.

It overshadow'd ev'ry room,
And consequently, more or less,
Forc'd ev'ry brain, in such a gloom,
To grope its way, and go by guess.

For ever going round about,
For that which lies before your nose,
And when you come to find it out,
It is not like what you suppose.

So have I often seen in fogs,
A may-pole taken for a steeple;
Christians oft mistook for hogs,
Horses ta'en for Christian people.

This

OF A COCK AND A BULL: 25

This stroke upon my tender brain,
Remains, I doubt, impress'd for ever,
For to this day, when with much pain,
I try to think strait on, and clever,
I sidle out again and strike
Into the beautiful oblique.

Therefore I have no one notion,
That is not form'd, like the designing
Of the peristaltic motion;
Vermicular; twisting and twining;
Going to work
Just like a bottle-screw upon a cork.

This obliquity of thinking
I cur'd, formerly, by Logic,
And a habitude of drinking
Infusions pædagogic.

The cure is worse than the disease,
'Tis just like drinking so much gall;
So I keep thinking at my ease;
That is, I never think at all.

Thus

Thus a presuming Miss designs,
 Quite overwhelm'd with foolish pride,
 She drops her paper with black lines,
 And trusts herself without a guide,
 No longer kept within due bounds,
 For any thing that you can say,
 Her letters like unruly hounds,
 Running all a diff'rent way ;
 No longer writes as heretofore,
 But writes awry both now and evermore :

But, a-propos, of bottle-screws ;
 You've seen a Parson at a table,
 Whose bus'ness was to read the news,
 And draw a cork, if he was able :

And do remember, I dare say,
 The foolish figure that he makes,
 When the cork will not come away,
 For all the pains the Parson takes.

By bit and bit he makes it come,
 'Till he is forc'd, against his will,
 To push it forward with his thumb,
 He has conducted it so ill.

Thus

OF A COCK AND A BULL. 27

Thus with my head have I been here,
Screwing to get at what I wanted:
That you might have a Tale as clear
And bright, as if it was decanted:
But as your time and patience are so short,
I'll try to get at it at any fort.

IN Italy there is a town,
Anciently of great renown,
Call'd, by the Volsicians, Privernum;
A fortress against the Romans;
Maintain'd, because it did concern 'em,
Spite of Rome and all her omens:
But to their cost,
At the long run their town was lost.

Whether 'twas forc'd or did surrender,
You never need, my dear Sir, know,
Provided you will but remember,
Privernum signifies Piperno.

Clofe by the Franciscan Friars,
There liv'd a Saint, as all declare;
All the world cannot be liars,
Which Saint wrought miracles by pray'r.

Her

Her life so holy was, and pure,
 Her pray'rs, at all times, they believe,
 Could heirs or heiresses secure,
 And make the barren womb conceive.

Which was a safe expedient,
 And wonderful convenient:
 For there was not a barren womb,
 That might not try,
 Going between Naples and Rome,
 As she pass'd by.

My story will not be the worse,
 If you'll reflect with patience,
 Upon the constant intercourse
 Between the neighbour nations.

It is so great, that I dare say,
 The Saint could have but little ease;
 She must have been, both night and day,
 Continually upon her knees.

For I can prove it very clear,
 That many of those wombs are barren,
 Which wombs, were they transplanted here,
 Would breed like rabbits in a warren.

Near

OF A COCK AND A BULL. 29

Near Terracina, once call'd Anxur,
There is a place call'd Bosco Folto,
A Castle standing on a Bank, Sir,
The Seat of the Marchese STOLTO.

In history you all have read,
Most of you have, I'm pretty sure,
How on that road there is no bed,
Nor any inn you can endure.

For STOLTO I had got a letter,
From my good friend, Prince MALA FEDE;
And from the Princess a much better,
Wrote to his Excellency's Lady.

The Marquis is advanc'd in years,
And dries you so, there's no escaping,
The merriest, when he appears,
Yawn, and set the rest a gaping.

Seccare is a word of fun;
It means to dry, as you may find,
Not like the fire, or like the sun,
But like a cold unpleasant wind.

Bat

But she is perfectly well-bred,

Neither too forward, nor too shy :

I never did, in any head,

In all my life, see such an eye ;

Nor such a head on any shoulders,

Nor such a neck, with such a swell,

That could present itself so well,

To all the critical beholders.

Four years the Marquis was hum-drumming,

In that same place, with his bed-fellow,

Waiting for the happy coming

Of a young Marquis, a STOLTELLO.

As soon as ever he arrives,

The family is to be sent to

The Cardinal at Benevento,

For the remainder of their lives.

The Cardinal is STOLTO's nephew,

His age is only twenty-seven ;

And of that age there are but few,

Who think, like him, of nought but Heav'n.

His

OF A COCK AND A BULL. 31

His aunt will manage, and take care
Of all the Cardinal's affairs.

STOLTELLO is to be his heir,
When he has finish'd all his pray'rs.

STOLTO may live as he thinks good,
His life delightfully will run,
Between his castle in the wood,
His wife, his nephew, and his son.

And yet, according to Fame's trumpet,
Who very seldom trumpets right,
His wife was reckon'd a great strumpet,
His nephew a great hypocrite.

I don't believe a word of that,
The world will talk, and let it chat;
You cannot think her in the wrong,
To grow quite weary of the place,
She thought STOLTELLO staid so long,
He was a sham'd to shew his face.

STOLTO had heard the Holy Maid
Always cry'd up, both far and near,
And he believ'd she could persuade
His son STOLTELLO to appear.

Conf.

Considering what time was past,
How they had try'd, and better try'd,
STOLTO advis'd his Wife at last,
To go and be fecundify'd.

The Marquis told me the whole story,
Which he had from the Marchesina,
And it is so much to her glory,
'Tis all the talk of Terracina.

The very night that she came back,
He was in such a sifting cue,
He almost put her to the rack,
'Till she discover'd all she knew.

First his acknowledgment being paid,
A pepper-cornish kind of due,
As they were laid, compos'd and staid,
She told him, just as I tell you.

Before the Marchioness sets out,
'Tis proper, on reflection,
To obviate a certain doubt,
That looks like an objection:

Here,

Here, because they know no better,
 The snarlers think they've found a bone;
 They think the Marquis would not let her
 Go such an errand all alone.

A Lady, you must understand,
 That visits, to fulfil HER VOWS,
 A holy house, or holy land,
 Commonly goes without her spouse.

And so, by keeping herself still,
 Quiet and sober in her bed,
 She never thinks of any ill,
 Nothing unclean enters her head.

You're satisfy'd your doubt was weak,
 And now the Marchionese may speak.
 As you foretold, before I went,
 The Saint was so engag'd and watch'd,
 That a whole week and more was spent,
 Before my bus'ness was dispatch'd.

Indeed you would have greatly pity'd,
 If you had seen me but, my Dear;
 Howe'er, at last I was admitted,
 And what I met with you shall hear.

D

The

The Saint and I sat on a bench;
 Before us, on a couch, there lay
 A pretty little naked wench,
 That minded nothing but her play.

Her play, was playing with a mouse,
 That popp'd its head in, went and came,
 And nestled in its little house,
 It was so docible and tame.

Guess where the mouse had found a bower?
 You are so dull it is a shame;
 You cannot guess in half an hour;
 I'll lay your hand upon the same.

These, cry'd the Saint, are all ideal,
 Visions all, and nothing real,
 Yet they will animate your blood,
 And rouse and warm the pregnant pow'rs,
 Just like the ling'ring sickly bud,
 Open'd by fructifying show'rs.

If you are violently heated,
 Remember, in your greatest needs,
 Your Ave Mary be repeated,
 'Till you have gone through all your Beads:

Take

OF A COCK AND A BULL. 35

Take heed ; they're going to begin ;
I see the visions coming in.

First came a Cock, and then a Bull,

And then a Heifer and a Hen ;

'Till they had got their bellies full,

On and off, and on again.

And then I spy'd a foolish filly,

That was reduc'd to a strange pass,

Languishing, and looking filly,

At the propofals of an As.

I turn'd about and saw a fight,

Which was a fight I could not bear,

A filthy horse, with all his might.

Gallanting with a filthy Mare.

And lo ! there came a dozen Priests ;

And all the Priests shaven and shorn ;

And they were like a dozen beasts,

Nacked as ever they were born ;

And they pass'd on,

One by one,

Ev'ry one with an exalted horn.

Then they drew up and stood awhile,
In rank and file,
And after march'd off the parade,
One by one,
Falling upon
This miserable, naked Maid.

Nothing could equal my surprize,
To see her go thro' great and small !
And after that to see her rise,
And turn the joke upon them all !

And I kept praying still, and counting,
In a prodigious fret and heat,
And she successively kept mounting,
And always kept a steady seat :

'Till having finish'd her career,
The Priests were terribly perplex'd,
They could not tell which way to steer,
Nor whereabouts to settle next.

Brother was running after Brother,
Turning their horns against each other :
The Holy Maid cry'd out aloud,
Heav'n deliver us from sin :

And

OF A COCK AND A BULL. 37

And I turn'd up my eyes, and bow'd,
And said Amen within :
The instant that I spoke,
The vision vanish'd into smoke.

Now, said the Marchioness, and smil'd,
I'll give a penny for your thought ;
I'll lay you think, if we've a child,
STOLTELLO will be dearly bought:

Accordingly the Marquis swore,
That very night he did a feat,
Which he had seldom done before,
That night he ran a second heat :

And from that night, computing fair,
She had conceiv'd,
About five months, when I was there,
As both the Marchioness and he believ'd.

For four months after I repass'd,
Calling again to avoid those inns,
And found her brought to-bed, at last,
Of twins,
So stout, the brothers might have pass'd for
POLLUX and CASTOR.

And so, at last, his cost and toil,
The Marquis was oblig'd to own,
Were laid out on a grateful foil,
At last he reap'd as he had sown.

MISS

MY COUSIN'S TALE

And to, at last, his cost and toil,
The Marquis was oblig'd to own,

XXXXXX
XXXXXX
XXXXXX

MISS in her TEENS;

Captain SHADOW'S TALE.

T A L E III.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

1880

REPORT OF THE

COMMISSIONERS OF THE

LAND OFFICE

FOR THE YEAR

ENDING DECEMBER

1880

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For

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Or

MISS in her TEENS;

Captain SHADOW'S TALE.

T A L E III.

MISS MOLLY was almost fourteen,
Her Cousin DICK a year older;
The diff'rence of a year between,
Was very easy to be seen,
For DICK was grown a year bolder.

Tho' he was grown bolder and braver,
MOLLY grew bashfuller and shier,
So serious, and so much graver,
She hardly would let DICK come nigh her,

The year before, upon no score;
Would DICK be caught in such a trick,
As either peeping through the nick,
Or through the key-hole of a door.

The

The year before Miss had no fears,
 And there was no such thing as squealing,
 And Dick had neither eyes nor ears,
 Neither taste, nor smell, nor feeling.

Until this year, as I have heard,
 Dick was unlucky, but not rude;
 And MOLLY so far from a Prude,
 'Till now, her door was never barr'd.

One afternoon Mamma rode out,
 Papa was laid up in the gout;
 Well, and what became of MOLLY?
 If she had taken her to ride,
 She should have been confin'd and try'd,
 For flagrant wilful folly.

When they are let out of the cage,
 Without consideration,
 All children of a certain age,
 Are giv'n to observation.

Their judgment's so exceeding weak,
 Their fancy so exceeding strong,
 That you can neither act nor speak,
 They are so apt to take things wrong.

So

So neither Miss, nor Dick the sapling,
 With Madam rides ;
 She is attended by the Chaplain,
 And none besides.

Which of the two were better pleas'd,
 Is difficult to say, I own,
 Miss and Papa had been so teaz'd,
 They both were pleas'd to be alone.

Up to her chamber MOLLY's flown,
 Fast bolted is her chamber door,
 So cautious the damsel's grown,
 From what Miss MOLLY was before.

Ever since Dick began to pry,
 Ever since MOLLY cast her frock,
 She never ventures to rely,
 On the protection of a lock.

MOLLY suspects her cousin Dick,
 Her cousin Dick's so plaguy sly,
 That lock, or any lock can pick,
 That Dick has any mind to try.

DICK

44 MISS IN HER TEENS;

DICK pick the lock ! it could not be,
If MOLLY only had the sense,
As soon as she had turn'd the key,
Not to have taken it from thence.

MOLLY would gladly have compounded,
If DICK would let her scape so cheap,
Whenever MOLLY was impounded,
She left that hole for DICK to peep.

She knew there was no keeping
Her cousin DICK from peeping :
For sure as ever you're alive,
Either with gimblet or skewer,
Her cousin RICHARD would contrive,
To bore a hole, somewhere, to view her.

For some particular affair,
That MOLLY had in agitation,
She did not at that juncture care,
To be expos'd to speculation.

She clap'd a fire-screen to the hole,
To hinder cousin DICK from spying;
Little imagining, poor soul,
That DICK was in her closet lying.

The

The room, as you have heard me tell,
At all times had been MOLLY's own,
The closet was a citadel,
Of a late date, to awe the town.

Mamma had thought upon the case,
And thinking made her more afraid,
A closet was a dang'rous place
For stratagem and ambuscade ;
So the room still to Miss remains,
The fort to Mamma appertains.

The key that opens this same fort,
Mamma had lost in a strange fort :
In riding out the key was lost,
And it was found by DICK at play,
Upon the spot where it was tofs'd,
Upon a heap of new-made hay.

Her pad, I fancy, for my part,
Is badly broke, and apt to start :
And by sudden jerk, or spring,
Or swing, or some such thing ;
Out flew the key, as if a stone
Had flown,
Out of a sling.

Pray,

Pray, what was Miss's great neglect?

Where was her indiscretion?

This treach'rous key could the suspect

To be in Dick's possession?

She was so deliberate and cool,

Each nook and cranny she survey'd;

She even examin'd the close-stool;

But Dick was in the closet laid.

Whate'er he saw, Dick never told,

And that is much for one so young,

When people that are twice as old,

Have twice as indiscreet a tongue.

It must be something curious,

Some extraordinary matter,

Dick star'd, and look'd so furious,

When he bounc'd out and flew at her.

Tho' she was cruelly betray'd,

Dick made up matters very soon,

Molly was reconcil'd, Dick stay'd,

And spent a pleasant afternoon.

The

CAPT. SHADOW'S TALE, 47

The point was long and well-debated,
But DICK so solemnly protested,
By MOLLY he was reinstated,
And with the key fairly invested.

Mamma perceiv'd the key was stray'd,
And sent the Chaplain out to look;
'Twas not for that she was dismay'd,
But she had lost her pocket-book.

He found the book, which was the best;
As to the key, the careful mother,
Before she laid her head to rest,
Sent and bespoke just such another.

'Twas well she let the lock remain;
Had it been chang'd on his report,
It would have caus'd infinite pain,
And spoilt a deal of harmless sport.

In a short time MOLLY grew sick,
Every day sicker and sicker,
MOLLY's complaints came very thick,
Every day thicker and thicker.
She was advis'd to change the air;
She did; but no-body knows where.

MOLLY

48 MISS IN HER TEENS.

MOLLY came home a diff'rent thing,
Both in her shape, and ev'ry feature,
From what she went away in spring;
You never saw a virgin sweeter.

'Squire NODDY coming from his travels,
By MOLLY is a captive led,
He to her Sire his mind unravels,
Her Sire consents, and MOLLY's wed.

It is six years that 'Squire NODDY,
Has had the care of MOLLY's body,
And they have children half a dozen;
But what is very odd, is this,
That none of all the six should miss,
But ev'ry one be like her cousin.

ZACHARY'S

ZACHARY'S TALE;

OR,

The SUSPICIOUS HUSBAND

CURED.

The ACTORS in this Dramatic TALE
are:

The Suspicious Husband,	ANGRAVALLE,
His Wife,	BINDOCCHIA.
Her Friend,	PAULINA.
Her Husband's Friend,	NICENO.

SCENE, NAPLES.

PART the FIRST.

E

Z. M. Esquire,

A living Monument,

Of the Friendship and Generosity of the Great ;

After an Intimacy of Thirty Years

With most of

The Great Personages of these Kingdoms,

Who did him the Honour to assist him,

In the laborious Work,

Of getting to the far End of a great Fortune ;

These his Noble Friends,

From Gratitude

For the many happy Days and Nights

Enjoyed by his means,

Exalted him, through their Influence,

In the forty-seventh Year of his Age,

To an Ensigny:

Which he actually enjoys at present

IN GIBRALTAR.

ODE to ZACHARY.

*Omnis Aristippum decuit, color, et modus, et res—
Nunc in Aristippi furtim præcepta relabor,
Et mihi res, non me rebus submittere conor.*

WHAT sober heads hast thou made ach?
How many hast thou kept from nodding?
How many wise ones, for thy sake,
Have flown to thee, and left off plodding?

Thou would'st, altho' the grave ones shake
Their solemn locks, and strike one mute,
As soon be in th'infernal Lake,
As in the place of P—TT or B—TE;

Whose heads incessantly send forth
Projects, with glitt'ring trains, like squibs;
And scatter, through the South and North,
Vollies of ministerial fibs.

Asleep, down precipices hurry'd,
Or, like PROMETHEUS, chain'd to rocks;
By vulturs gnaw'd, or monsters worry'd;
Hell-hounds, whose cry is, *Dei Vox.*

Or, victims to a heavier curse,
 They dream they're dup'd, and fall unpity'd;
 To fall a dupe is ten times worse,
 Than to be worry'd and dewitt'd.

Philosophy and Grace is thine;
 Not spiritual Grace, but sprightly;
 Inspir'd by the God of Wine,
 Like old ANACREON nightly.

That Light divine, that heav'nly Grace,
 I fear, alas! thou would'st not chuse,
 That shines and blackens WHITFIELD's face,
 Like the japan upon his shoes.

Whether thy Grace from Heav'n descends,
 Or rises from the Earth below,
 Oft has thou rais'd thy helpless friends,
 Oft giv'n thy purse unto thy foe.

Who gives his foe his purse outright,
 Shews plain, if I have any skill,
 Not only that he bears no spite,
 But that he bears him a good will:

And also is, perhaps, as meek,
 And is as little of a bite,
 As he who only gives his cheek
 (For LESLY gives nought else) to smite:

Or

Or WHITFIELD emptying the pockets,
Of whores, and hawds, and gaping throngs;
Turning their eyes out of their sockets,
Singing and selling DAVID's songs.

Now thou art gone, where can I find
Spirit and ease above controul,
Serenity and health of mind,
And gaiety, and strength of soul?
Precepts I find, examples none,
And guides as blind as a guide-stone.

The sportive Muse is my Physician,
To cure the folly, and the madness,
Of Pride, of Envy, and Ambition,
Of Spleen and melancholy Sadness.

Soon as I touch the jocund lyre,
That instant, driven from their seat,
The dæmons of the mind retire,
And go and persecute the Great.

O! may their torments never cease,
May they be scourg'd both night and day,
Till they have brought thee back in peace,
And then, like thee, may they be ever gay!

This is so long a TALE, that ZACHARY thought it would be better divided into Two Parts.

BANDELLO lived in the sixteenth century, in high reputation for his wit, and corresponded with all the great men of that age. He retired into France upon the taking of Milan by the Spaniards, at which time all his papers were burnt. In 1551 he was made Bishop of Agen, in France, where his Novels were first published.

Outcries against writings, composed with no worse intention than to promote good-humour and chearfulness, by fighting against the *tadium vite*, were reserved for an age of refined hypocrisy. There ought to be a great distinction between obscenity, evidently designed to inflame the passions; and a ludicrous liberty, which is frequently necessary to shew the true ridicule of hypocritical characters, which can give offence to none, but such as are afraid of every thing that has a tendency to unmasking.

The second part of this TALE is upon a different plan from BANDELLO'S. ZACHARY has told the Bishop's Tale with more modesty than the Bishop, and I think the catastrophe is more natural. The best edition of BANDELLO is printed at Lucca in 1554, and reprinted in London, in three volumes, quarto, in 1740.

ZACHARY'S TALE.

PART the FIRST.

TALE IV.

HOW oft has BOCCACE been translated
And blunder'd,

And JEAN FONTAINE assassinated,

And plunder'd:

Where is the land where BOCCACE and FONTAINE
Have not in effigy been slain?

FONTAINE they imitate and turn,

BOCCACE they represent and render,

Just as the figures made to burn,

Are like the Pope and the Pretender.

Why mayn't BANDELLO have a rap?

Why mayn't I imitate BANDELLO?

There never was a Prelate's cap

Bestow'd upon a droller fellow.

Like TRISTRAM, in mirth delighting;
 Like TRISTRAM, a pleasant writer;
 Like his, I hope, that TRISTRAM's writing
 Will be rewarded with a Mitre.

There was a Knight, says our Bishop,
 A Knight from Aragon in Spain,
 So jealous that you cannot fish up
 His like and paragon again.

He serv'd ALPHONSUS many years,
 Both in the wars and in affairs of state,
 And fell in love up to the ears,
 And would not give it up at any rate.
 By bribes and flattery he won
 Father, mother, daughter, and son.

And yet he serenaded, sigh'd,
 And was long doubtful of his doom,
 Before he gain'd his lovely Bride,
 With all the rights of a Bridegroom.

And after that they tell us,
 That in less time than you would think,
 He grew so plaguy jealous,
 He could not sleep o' nights a wink.

He

He was not jealous, says the Tale,
All the time he was in training;
'Twas not till he began to fail,
And to fall off, by over-straining.

As soon as ever he train'd off,
The nights she pass'd can scarce be told;
All night he could do nought but cough,
Torment, and tantalize, and scold.

BINDOCCHIA was lively and alert,
And had no notion of a bridle,
She requir'd one, not only more expert,
But one as active as her spouse was idle.

Now ANGRAVALLE knew all this,
As well as either you or I,
When he thought proper to dismiss
Those, on whose help he might rely.

He turn'd off men and maids,
All together;

Birds of a feather;
Rogues and intriguing jades;
All but a fellow with a surly look,
Gard'ner, butler, groom, and cook:

And,

And, to cut off all hopes to come,
 From an intriguing maid at least,
 He pick'd up one both deaf and dumb,
 And neither fit for man nor beast:

Besides, he had such crotchets in his pate,
 And such strange notions,
 She could not cross the room without her mate
 To watch her motions.

BINDOCCHIA was to be pity'd,
 So watch'd, so scolded, and so ill fitted.

Considering cuckoldom's a sentence,
 That cannot be revers'd and null,
 By commutation nor repentance,
 Nor by his Holiness's Bull;

I cannot think he was to blame,
 So much as many folks pretend,
 To shut his doors, and to disclaim,
 All intercourse with ev'ry friend.

Those cuckolds, it can't be disputed,
 That either Heav'n or earth can boast,
 Have been and always are cornuted,
 By those in whom they trust the most:

However,

However, all were not deny'd ;

He had a friend he valu'd next his life ;

A friend that he had often try'd ;

One, by good luck, related to his wife.

He was admitted, night or day,

To dine or sup,

Or to step up,

If he was not inclin'd to stay.

NICENO had an equal share,

In the affections of this pair.

After much thought and perturbation,

BINDOCCHIA grew to have less care,

For the continual defalcation

In ANGRAVALLE's bill of fare.

Tho' you may think her patience strange,

She thought, but not without some doubt,

The posture of affairs would change,

That things would turn and come about.

Two months were gone, which was a shame,

Without receiving any news,

Tho' she had oft put in her claim,

And often flickled for her dues ;

The longer he was in arrear,

Her case and his grew still more queer.

In

In short, there was no end of waiting;
Her husband grew so great a debtor,
There was no way of calculating
The chances of his growing better.

Now, Ladies, I desire to know,
In such a situation,
Was it unnatural, or no,
To cast her eyes on her relation?

Observe, I said to cast her eyes;
With those 'twas natural to speak;
To mingle also a few sighs,
With a few roses in each cheek:
Except a blush, a sigh, a soft regard,
All other forms of speech are barr'd.

Accordingly, within her lips
She had a tongue in due subjection;
Not apt to wander and make slips,
Without her order and direction.

One day she went, upon leave granted,
To see her cousin—Pray, take notice, Sirs;
A female that she often haunted;
Nicceno's cousin, too, as well as her's;

As

As usual attended by the Mute,
And by the Gardener her fellow-brute.

PAULINA was her cousin's name,
A perfect Saint in her demeanour;
Tho' she was spotless in her fame,
Never was any thing uncleaner.

She could impose upon the wise and grave,
And could, with TITUS, safely swear,
She never lost a day that she could save,
Nor sav'd a night that she could spare.

BINDOCCHIA told her husband's case,
His former feats were not deny'd;
But then his subsequent disgrace
By rhetoric was amplify'd.

By what means, or discovery,
Her friend reply'd, can you be sure,
That he is past recovery,
That he is even past your cure?

There's a disorder we call Fumbling,
Amongst the men call'd Fighting shy;
Teazing, tumbling, squeezing, mumbling,
Still worse and worse the more they try.

Upon

Upon our skill in this disease,
 All our whole happiness depends;
 All our importance, all our ease,
 All our power of obliging friends.

We must, when call'd to their assistance,
 Cheerfully undergo the Law;
 'Tis death to them to shew resistance,
 And worse than death to laugh, or pshaw.

With all their humours, all their fancies,
 In ev'ry form, in ev'ry shape,
 We must comply; nay, make advances,
 To help them out of such a scrape.

'Tis by this single piece of skill,
 That I command and rule,
 And make my headstrong mule
 Submit entirely to my will.

BINDOCCHIA, indeed, I fear,
 That you, like many a Beauty,
 Think that your goods ought to come clear
 Of ev'ry charge, and ev'ry duty;

And so they will, my dear, by smuggling:
 But the foundation must be laid,

By

By honest industry and struggling,
By credit in a lawful trade,
Have you, with both your mind and might,
Endeavour'd to set matters right?

Casting her eyes upon a crucifix,
That hung within her cousin's bed;
BINDOCCHIA said, I have try'd all the tricks,
That ever enter'd in a head:

I could as soon persuade those thieves,
To steal away, and leave their crosses;
Or the fall'n tree, with wither'd leaves,
To rise, and to repair its losses.
There never will be life within that lump,
'Till the dead rise at the last trump.

PAULINA, this is my decree,
My spouse must have a coadjutor,
His friend, all precedents agree,
Should be preferr'd to ev'ry suitor.

I need not tell you whom I mean,
Nor ask my friend to go between:
He has had innuendo's many.
But make NICENO understand,
That scruples, if he has any,
Are just like letters wrote on sand:

Or

Or like the fears of truant boys,
Which interrupt their brisk career,
And for a moment damp their joys,
But the next moment disappear :

Or like a boy in brief dispute,
Whether it is a sin to pull
A pocket full of tempting fruit,
Or rob an orchard that's quite full :
Nature decides, and doubt no longer hampers,
He fills his pockets, and he scampers.

In fine,

PAULINA relish'd her design :
Her friend, by the same guard escorted,
Return'd to her old station,
That night PAULINA, 'tis reported,
Finish'd her negotiation.
Her arguments had so much weight,
NICENO gave up the debate.

BINDOCCHIA, put upon her mettle,
Assembles and convenes
Her pow'rs, and all her wits, to settle,
And find out ways and means.

She

She had not been an hour acquainted
With her Friend's motion and success,
'Till she was taken ill and fainted,
And carry'd off, and forc'd t' undress.

Her mouth was drawn aside, and purs'd,
Her head turn'd like the flying chair,
That children ride in at a fair;
Her stomach swell'd, and like to burst.

All night in bed she made a riot,
Her husband thought she was possess'd,
She never had a moment's quiet,
Nor he a single minute's rest.

Just at the time that the cock crew,
Out of the bed BINDOCCHIA flew;
In the next chamber was a water-closet,
Where she began to grunt and moan,
As if she was making a deposit,
And was delivering a stone.

Her husband rose, and follow'd near,
And if she had been off her guard,
She could have heard with half an ear,
He puff'd, and fetch'd his breath so hard;

By smothering his cough he kept a wheezing,
Which for a list'ner is as bad as sneezing.

Hearing him wheeze, she blew a gale,
That seem'd to issue from behind,
And made her husband turn his tail,
And brush away before the wind.

So well did she perform her part,
Trumpeting with her mouth and hand,
He had no mistrust of any art,
Or any dealings contraband.

At ev'ry foul report and crack,
That she in agony let fly,
He mov'd, and slunk a little back,
Like a judicious able spy.

Scarce were they laid till he began to snore,
BINDOCCHIA started out of bed once more,
And soon spoil'd ANGRAVALLE's snoring;
He thought it was a kettle-drum,
For never any mortal dum,
Made such a rattling and roaring.

Again

Again he was upon his feet,

Again he was all wind and griping;

Again he made a safe retreat,

The instant that he heard her wipng.

His jealous freaks were never so kept under,

But they would quickly shoot and flower,

To ev'ry one's astonishment and wonder,

Like mushrooms in a thunder show'r.

The moment he began to doze,

It was in vain to think of sleeping;

She started up, whipt on her cloaths,

Ran off, and he came after creeping.

'Till broad day-light

There was no sign at all of ending,

For she kept going all the night,

And he kept list'ning and attending:

The female cousins, with much laughter,

Concerted all the schemes hereafter.

Next day, the better to impose,

She kept her bed, fatigu'd with purging,

And yet BINDOCCHIA often rose,

Her provocations were so urging.

The night was like the night before,
 Hurrying, trumpeting, dispatching;
 The same attendant at the door,
 For ever listening and catching;
 'Till he was weary'd out, and spent,
 And quite convinc'd no harm was meant.

At three o'clock that very morning,
 An hour convenient for horning,
 NICEÑO, punctual to his call,
 In the next chamber was in waiting,
 Convey'd thro' a window of the hall,
 Without much doubting and debating.

There was no servant there to fear,
 Except the Mute, and none slept foundler,
 And she so deaf she could not hear
 Ev'n an eight-and-forty-pounder.

The Gardener, by way of Groom,
 The only one watchful and able,
 Laid at a distance in a room,
 Over the stable.

And now BINDOCCHIA went to reap
 The fruits of all her labour,
 Whilst ANGRAVALLE was asleep,
 She entertain'd his neighbour.

He

He was so pleasant and engaging,
 She staid with him three hours at least,
 And tho' he wak'd coughing and raging,
 Her husband could not spoil their feast.

They went on joyously, for nothing caring,
 So keen is hunger;
 Regarding him no more than a cheese-paring,
 Or a cheese-monger.

With her mouth she trumpeted and crack'd,
 And made a noise so diabolic,
 You would have sworn she had been rack'd,
 And torn to pieces with the cholic.

I may thank you for what I feel,
 Cry'd she to ANGRAVALLE, coughing,
 If one was made of brass or steel,
 You would wear one out to nothing.

Three months with cold have I been dying,
 By your pretty way of lying,
 Such usage is not to be borne,
 Tossing and kicking cloaths and sheets!
 And never cover'd night nor morn!
 I could lie better in the streets!

Thus things being come to a conclusion,

NICENO stole away, she shut up shop,

Jump'd into bed without the least confusion,

Scolded awhile, then slept like any top.

END of the FIRST PART.

ZACHARY'S

ZACHARY'S TALE,

PART the SECOND.

T A L E IV.

AT noon she rose, recover'd quite,
Her colour and her eyes confess'd,
They were so radiant and bright,
That nat'ral physic is the best:
As ANGRAVALLE had foretold,
Natural physic carry'd off her cold.

What could not be foretold so well,
What he could only hope at most,
That night she rais'd him like a spell
Raising the devil or a ghost.

Her charms and efforts were so great,
His cure was now compleated;
Nay, 'twas so thoroughly compleat,
That all the proofs were twice repeated.

But this she knew she could not long rely on,
 Nor would it do by half;
 Unless a lamb will satisfy a lion,
 That can digest a calf.

That half is far more than the whole,
 In former times was HESIOD's thought :
 She was persuaded from her soul,
 That half is only more than nought;
 And consequently less than half must stand,
 Just like a cypher, plac'd on the left hand.

This sudden revolution
 Caus'd in her husband a revulsion,
 Which caus'd a resolution
 To yield, and follow its impulsion,
 His country-house wanting repairing,
 He thought to take a three days airing.

Tho' he had vow'd a trust unshaken
 For his BINDOCENIA's late merits;
 For all the trouble she had taken,
 To comfort him, and raise his spirits;
 Yet when he bade his wife adieu,
 His jealousy broke out a-new.

He

He left the Gardener instructed ;

He was to watch and lie perdu,

To see how matters were conducted,

And to report upon a view ;

And after this the Knight departed,

Sadly foreboding and faint-hearted.

His Lady knew, that time, like riches,

Should be enjoy'd ;

Which are but lumber in one's breeches

When unemploy'd ;

Her greatest happiness she ow'd

To time judiciously bestow'd.

PAULINA was directed straight

The coadjutor to secure ;

He was that night to officiate

In ANGRAVALLE's vacant cure :

For three whole nights, which is surprizing,

Was he employed in burying and baptizing.

After such business and hurry,

It ever was my confident belief,

That he was rather glad than sorry,

When ANGRAVALLE came to his relief ;

Tho' the last night an accident fell out,

That might alarm a man less stout.

Returning

Returning through the garden late,
 He spy'd within the aviary,
 The Gardener lying in wait,
 To perpetrate some knavery.

Altho' betray'd,
 He knew his cousin's parts too well
 To be afraid
 Of aught the Gardener could tell;
 Nor ventur'd, in affairs so nice,
 To interpose his own advice.

As to all salutary measures,
 He trusted to that native wit,
 Abounding in inventive treasures,
 And inexhaustible as PITT.

In State Affairs, if not in Letters,
 NICENO may be an example,
 When we credit to our betters,
 To make it generous and ample.
 BINDOCCHIA thus, upon the brink of ruin,
 Smil'd at the mischief that was brewing.

She was peeping thro' her window lattice
 Just when she heard her husband rap;
 Not as a rat is,

A rat

A rat that's peeping thro' a trap;

But as a cat is,

A cat with a considering cap.

Whilst he was knocking at the gate, A

BINDOCCHIA slyly descended;

She knew the temper of her mate,

Enough to guess what he intended;

Having incog. upon occasions,

Affixed at his consultations.

The council-room was under-ground,

Where he repair'd when he alighted;

The bill against his spouse was found,

And the poor soul to be indicted.

A trial was decreed,

Proceedings settled and agreed.

The Court broke up, all parties to their task,

'Till things should be reveal'd;

BINDOCCHIA issu'd from an empty cask,

Where she had lain conceal'd.

Her husband took a turn or two,

To smoothe the wrinkles on his brow;

Then

Then smiling like a mind at ease,

He march'd up to his Lady's chamber,

And found BONDUCHIA on her knees

Before a crucifix of amber:

A situation,

That he beheld with indignation.

But he kept down his swelling bile,

Inform'd by sober reason,

That his revenge, delay'd a while,

Would not be less in season;

She neither mov'd her eye, nor her eye-brow,

'Till she had sung the Litany quite through.

Then rising with a chearful air,

So modest, and so unaffected,

That ANGRAVALLE well might stare,

When he consider'd and reflected:

However, with some perturbation,

He stammer'd this oration.

" I must return—this afternoon,

" On bus'ness, that I can't neglect;

" To-morrow I will be here—soon;

" Sooner; perhaps, than you expect.

" I thought,

- " I thought, if I did not appear,
 " Knowing how great your love and care is,
 " That you would certainly, my dear,
 " Be full of fears and quandaries:
 " So I must instantly go back,
 " As soon as I have got a snack."

Whilst this same snack was getting ready,

PAULINA call'd upon her scholar,
 A circumstance that kept him steady,
 And help'd him to digest his choler.

His meal dispatch'd, he set out in an amble,

Full of his great and wise intentions,
 BINDOCCHIA, in a short preamble,

Explain'd her doubts and apprehensions:

Laid open all her plans and schemes,

Her arguments and speculations,
 Which were so far from being dreams,

PAULINA thought them revelations;
 Her schemes, like Harlequinery,
 Were all dumb shew, and scenery;

The whole, so artfully invented,

So free from all affected airs,
 It must succeed, if represented

By any tolerable players:

PAULINA

PAULINA had a part assign'd,
In which her cousin knew the shi'd.

They were resolv'd to try th' event,
And set about it with good-will,
Knowing, before the night was spent,
They might be forc'd to shew their skill;
Which made PAULINA hasten home,
To be prepar'd against the time to come.

PAULINA told the Gard'ner in the entry,
To mind her message, and take heed,
To leave his post where he was sentry,
And let his Lady know with speed,
That she had quite forgot to say,
The message he was to convey :

That she had bus'ness in the town,
But she would send the fringe and lace,
Drawings and patterns for the gown,
By her own maid the Bolognoise :

BINDOCCHIA might keep her pattern,
Keep her all night if she requir'd,
'Till she had drawn and done the pattern,
And the designs that she desir'd.

Tho'

Tho' these were terms to him like Greek,
Yet he deliver'd his commission,
And did, as well as he could speak,
Deliver it with great precision.

And now, as soon as it was night,
He lock'd the gates of the great court,
And introduc'd the jealous Knight,
By a back-way, or sally-port:
Within the av'ry, in ambuscade,
His Lord and Master watch'd and pray'd.

Being first inform'd how matters went,
That none had enter'd ever since his going,
Except a wench PAULINA sent,
That was above, drawing designs for sewing.

A Bolognoise, with scarf and veil,
Twanging thro' the nose, and snuffing,
As if she had been from head to tail,
Loaded with a Naples stuffing,
The night was still, the moon was bright,
When he, in an ill-fated hour,

Discover'd plainly, by her light,
NICENO passing, by his bow'r:
On which, with resolution,
He put his wrath in execution.

Our jealous Knight, in the first place,
Summoned all his wife's relations,
As witnesses of her disgrace,
And of his wrongs and patience,
Dragging along with many others,
His Lady's father and her brothers.

How did her brothers storm, her father weep,
When op'ning her room door, upon the bed,
They all beheld the lovers fast asleep,
Upon her bosom lay NICEÑO's head.

But when they saw the lovers rise,
How great their wonder! what must they suppose!
They hardly could believe their eyes,
Seeing PAULINA in NICEÑO's cloaths—
And here the injur'd wife began to hector.
Reading the following Lecture:

His jealous fits were ev'ry hour,
Nay, ev'ry minute, growing stronger,
'Till he had put it past my pow'r,
To bear his folly any longer.

Having observ'd the jealous fool,
Following me when I was sick,
Every time I went to stool,
I own, it touch'd me to the quick:

PAULINA'S

PAULINA's goodness, and devotion,
Was shock'd at my determination,
Insisting it was a rash notion,
Altho' she own'd the provocation :
Advising me to club our wits,
To try to cure my husband's fits.

Whilst ANGRAVALLE was away,
Indeed, I blush whilst I am speaking,
I spy'd the Gard'ner where he lay,
Watching, like a thief, and sneaking.

So having found the thing I sought,
A key that turn'd the garden door lock,
I was transported with the thought,
Of punishing my stupid block.

PAULINA, as she had often done,
Borrow'd her cousin's cloaths, and in the garden,
In order to compleat our fun,
Appear'd before the Gardener, my warden.

My spouse, we did not doubt the least,
Would be inform'd, as we desir'd,
We knew that the suspicious beast,
With rage and vengeance would be fir'd,

G

His

His second going was to deceive,
It happen'd just as we suppos'd,
And now, I humbly conceive,
He is sufficiently expos'd—
This is the history,
Of all this mystery,
And now I beg, his temper such is,
To be deliver'd from his clutches.—

Her husband, touch'd with true compunction,
Acknowledg'd his transgressions,
She spoke with so much force and unction,
He promis'd before all the sessions,
If she would pardon what was past,
That this offence should be the last.

And as a proof that his designs were good,
The Gardener should be discarded ;
She should chuse servants, and go where she would
Ungarded.

BINDOCCHIA consented,
And never afterwards repented.
PAULINA to her maid retir'd,
Which maid was not according to the letter,
But in this fashion was attir'd,
On purpose to conceal NICENO better.

So well he acted, I'll engage,
 That this NICENO might have play'd,
 On any theatre, or stage,
 The snuffing Bologna maid.
 PAULINA dress'd herself before she went,
 Her maid had brought her cloaths for that intent.

People that I suspect for scoffers,
 Pretend, that while PAULINA was undressing,
 NICENO made her handsome offers,
 Which she could not refuse, he was so pressing.
 They were together, 'tis confess'd,
 Two hours before she could get dress'd.

However 'twas, is undecided,
 But as to him he was compleat,
 In ev'ry circumstance provided,
 And fit to serve a pious cheat;
 But to be able to serve two,
 Is more than either you or I can do.

THE
CONTINENTAL

OF THE
UNITED STATES

1776



THE
PRIVY COUNSELLOR'S
AND THE
STUDENT of LAW'S
T A L E.

A M A N U S C R I P T,
Found at CRAZY-CASTLE.

Supposed to be written about the Time of
HENRY VIII.



PROLOGUE

TO THE

PRIVY COUNSELLOR

AND THE

STUDENT OF LAW & THE

On a time, how many years ago,
I could not leave, you cannot know
I was of the Parliament
I was a student, his relation,
I was out of town with no intent
I was a member of the Parliament

Many a famous King and comely Queen
In every reign, in every age,
He flourish'd in prosperity;
In the beginning was a Page,
Now Privy-Counsellor is he

His personage is grave, and full of state,
He weighs his weight and variance in the

P R O L O G U E
TO THE
PRIVY COUNSELLOR'S
AND THE
STUDENT of LAW'S TALE.

O NCE on a time, how many years ago,
As I could nivr learn, you cannot know,
A Member of the Parliament,
And a Law-student, his relation,
Rode out of town with no intent,
Unless it was for recreation.

Full sixty is the Member, and hath seen,
Many a famous King and comely Queen.
In yvery reign, in yvery age,
He florish'd in prosperitie ;
In the beginning was a Page,
Now Privy-Counsellor is he.

His personage is grave, and full of state,
Yielding him weight and vantage in debate ;

But with a boon companion gay and free:

No ceremony, no mysterious airs;

Just as a Privy-Counsellor should be,

If he had been a Page of the Back-stairs.

The Student's father is in perfect health,

Thank God, and waxes daily strong in wealth;

Wants not his son to get a heap,

But just enough of Law,

To guard his own Estate and keep

The Neighbourhood in awe;

And I dare venture to maintain,

Herein his father's hopes shall not be vain.

Allbeit, he doth not attend the Courts,

And redith none but GEOFFERY's Reports;

Yet PLOWDEN, lying yvir on the table,

Opin and spread,

He is counted full as able,

As if he had him in his head.

So, as I signify'd before, these two,

Ride out of town, having nought else to do.

Six miles from town this Member hath a box,

For contemplation good;

Where he retires, as thoughtful as an ox,

Chewing his cud.

He

He creeps into his box of stone,
Sometimes for pleasure, oftener for whim;
Or when he is tir'd of ev'ry one,
Or ev'ry one is tir'd of him.

It is called a Box, and there's a reason why,
Because therein a man lies himself by—
Within a box, if you your cloaths conceal,
The fashion and the worms conspire,
To make a suit that was genteel,
Fit only for the Sheriff of a shire;
But good enough for you,
If in your box you lie too long perdu.
When you come out again 'twill be too late,
You and your coat will both be out of date.—

Here then they light, and now suppose 'em dining.
Suppose them also grumbling and repining;
The bacon's fusty, and the fowls are tough;
The mutton overdone, the fish not done enough:
The cloth is drawn, the wine before them set;
Wine, like themselves, entirely on the fret:
Mutt'ring their pray'rs, exchanging looks askew,
Just like two rival beauties in a pew.

What might have happen'd no one can decide,
Had not, by fortune or design,

The

The Butler in the cellar spy'd,
 A hoard of admirable wine ;
 Bounce goes the cork ; sparkles the glass ;
 Cousin, here's to your fav'rite lass.

And here their purgatory ends :
 For after this,
 They enter into perfect bliss,
 Drinking like perfect friends.
 Drinking, because drinking promoteth joking ;
 Joking, without insulting or provoking.

The ev'ning finishes with equal glory,
 The worthy Counsellor proposing
 To make a closing,
 By telling each a merry story.
 I have one fram'd, says he, in GEOFFRY's phrase ;
 GEOFFRY's the Courtier's language of those days.
 The Student likes the motion well :
 Says he, I'll answer you with one quite new ;
 My Tale in courtly speech I cannot tell ;
 But I can tell a merry Tale, and true.

THE

Cl
 Veni
 spirit
 hair.

PRIVY COUNSELLOR'S

T A L E.

T A L E V.

REIGNID in Yorkshire one of mity fame,
Clepid King GRIG, as *kronikels* proclaim;
Thilk Prince delighted ay in mirth and sport,
Japis and jollitries of yvery sort:
And now when pepil lough, and *rage*, and play,
Folk name them merry Grigs until this day.
This King, I undirfond, hath *venimid* his blud,
Whereby he hath lost his *corage* and his *rud*;
Sore *shent* is he by Cupid and his mother,
And wee-begone far more than any other.
The Kingis mother dere, Queen WITY *hight*,
Because her *beer*, also her skin is white,

Clepid, called. *Thilk*, this same. *Japis*, jests. *Rage*, frolick.
Venimid his blud, tainted. *Corage and his rud*, his strength, his
spirits, and complexion. *Shent*, hurt. *Hight*, called. *Beer*,
hair.

92 PRIVY-COUNSELLOR'S TALE.

Is Queen of Cortesy, and Beaurtis pride,
Gentil and modest as a maidin bride.
She sends to Potikers and *Leeches* grave,
Prays them to save his life, and membris save;
Ne drogue, ne instrument mote him avail;
His joints are losen'd, and his cheekis pale;
And that he *erst* would sing, and laugh, and jeer,
Hath not he smilid once in *haf* a year.

There is a Conjorer, a *sottil wight*;
This Conjuror the Queen consults by night:
The Nekromanzir, according to his guise,
Casteth his figures, poreth on the skies,
And redith how to cure the Kingis woe,
His Grace until an heling-well shall go,
And bathe his lims for sivin nights therein;
And sivin maidins, stripped to the skin,
Shall *frote* his body, till one, by her devise,
And cunning touching, hele him in a trice.

Both King and Queen, you may be very sure,
Are in great haste to set about the cure.
Now is she setten forth in brave array,
And with the *sely* King upon her way;

Leeches, physicians. *Erst*, formerly. *Haf*, half. *Sottil Wight*,
a cunning fellow. *Frote*, rub. *Sely*, sick.

Yccom-

PRIVY-COUNSELLOR'S TALE. 93

*Y*ccompany'd with Minstrells and *Japers*,
 Jugglirs and Morrice-dancers, cutting capers.
 One time that thing which Ministers delite,
 Shall, in another season, breed despite,
 For when the King is sad, it is ungracious thing,
 If *everich-one* is merrier than the King.
 In this sort journeying, they come at last
 Unto the well, wherein the King him cast ;
 His body chafid is, with special care,
 By sivin naked damfills passing fair.

The King hath view'd them well in yvery *piece*,
 Withouten splint, or malanders, or grease ;
 Hard are their breastis, skin as smothe as glasse ;
 Plomp be their bottocks, and as tight as brasse ;
 Smale are their feet ; each feature, every limb,
 Lies in the fairest form, and sweetest trim.
 The Queen examined hath craftily,
 For Maidens of the best virginite ;
 None of these sivin hath split her maidins-hede,
 As in these dayes moch reson was to drede.
 Handlid and chafid with *sick daintyness*,
Wexid the King to gather *lustyness* ;

*Y*ccompany'd, accompany'd. *Everich*, every. *Japers*, jesters.
Piece, part. *Sik*, such. *Daintyness*, elegance. *Lustyness*, strength,
 health, &c.

And

94 PRIVY-COUNSELLOR'S TALE.

And *notabul* it is to *everich* eye,
 How he is rais'd and cherished thereby;
 The fivinth day, they all are out of pain;
 Symptome of helthe appearid very plain;
 Whereat the Queen rejoices, as is need,
 Honoring the Maidin who hath done the deid;
 And yet, when he returnid hath to Court,
 The King *mote* not be pleas'd in any sort;
 And all that Lords and Ladys can invent,
 Shall but encrease the Kingis discontent;
 Wherefor the dutyfull Queen hieth her,
 And counselleth again the Conjorer.

He spieth in his secret *Boke of Magie*,
 How the same Maidins *mote* him *rectifie*;
 And yvery buxom Maid shall speke a tale,
 And every Maid to make him lough assail;
 And she that makes him lough shall thence be led,
 And have the Kingis company in bed;
 In bed, or any other pleasaunt place,
 Wherever it shall please the Kingis Grace.

And lo! the Queen these joyful tidings bears
 To chappil, where the Maidins are at prayrs—

Notabul, plain. *Everich*, every. *Mote*, might. *Boke of Magie*,
 Conjuring book. *Mote*, might. *Rectifie*, set him to rights.

Away

Away the Maidins hurry them from Matins,
 Apparelling themselves in silks and fattins;
 And all the siving Damzills, out of hand,
 Are set before the King, at his command:
 He doth ordain each Maid to speke by lot;
 Allso, because no word shall be forgot,
 A Scribe is there, to notice all they say—
 And now six Maids have talk'd for half a day;
 And yet, for all the talking they can make,
 They scarce can keep the King's Grace awake.
 Then came the siving Maidin in degree,
 But cannot speke her tale for modesty.

My tale, saies she, I wold begin, but fear
 A word unseemly to a modest ear;
 My tale without this word cannot be told,
 And to deliver it I am not bold—
 “What means the Maidin? quoth the King *in ire*,
 “You may *gloze* any word, if you *enquire*.”
 I am no *Clerk*, saies she, her Grace well knows,
 Pleasith you, Sir, may teach me how to *gloze*;
 Bot I will trie to do the best I may,
 That you may better frame what I would say—
 Of all God's creatures its the choicest fare,
 Yet he that has the least, has the best share—

In ire, in a passion. *Enquire*, study. *Clerk*, scholar. *Gloze*,
 to wrap up ænigmatically.

“I shall

96 PRIVY-COUNSELLOR'S TALE.

- “ I shall not graunt your pray'r, the King reply'd;
 “ Riddils are derk, and paraphrase is wide;
 “ Bot well I know the Latin and the Dutch;
 “ Of Fraunce and Toscany I have a touch;
 “ Now any of these tongues, if you're inclin'd,
 “ Fair Maid, may seem to shape what you would
 find”—
 — ‘ Dutch (quoth the Queen,) my son, the Maid
 demands,
 “ It is a tongue no Christian undirstands.’—
 — “ Well (quoth the King) fair Maid, this drede-
 full name,
 “ That werkith in you so much strife and shame,
 “ Pronounce they *Fotz* throughout all Germany;
 “ Now you may speke your story *hardily*.”

Sir, quoth the buxom Maid, upon a time,
 A jolly Knight there was in all his prime,
 Soot were his eyes, and manly was his face,
 Lusty his limbs, his body in good case;
 A piercing and a pleasant look withall,
 Ne vice had he, but that *his means* were small—
 (Here the King turning, doth the Scribe beseech,
 To lose no word, nor sentence of her speech.)

Hardily, boldly. *Soot*, sweet. *Means*, fortune, estate.

Upon

PRIVY-COUNSELLOR'S TALE. 97

Upon a *joyful tide* the King of Kent
 Proclaimid hath a noble Tournament,
 There yvery Knight enforced is to be,
 Unless he will be *held of villanie*;
 Our Knight, Sir AMADOR, the debonaire,
 Mote thither with his Squire and steed repair:
 And having traveled five days *anend*,
 The Knight and Squire unto a meadow *wend*,
 Ynamilid with pinks and cowslips gay,
 Thro' which a rivir glides as bright as summir-day;
 Upon the banks grows many a beachin tree,
 And many a spreding oak most fair to see;
 There they espied in the cristal lake,
 Three naked damzills of an hevenly make:
 Their *wimples* and their gowns of *broudid* silk,
 Ywrought with gold, their smokkis white as milk,
 And all their costly garments were display'd
 Undir an aged oak's ynticing shade.

Behold the Knightis color changeth hue,
 At sight so unexpected and so new.
 Not that Acteon's hap *ydraddid* he,
 Worry'd belike for *sik* audacitie.

Joyful tide, time of festivity. *Held of villanie*, degraded, and reduced to the condition of a vassal. *Anend*, strait forwards. *Wend*, arriv'd. *Wimples*, neck-kerchief. *Broudid*, embroider'd. *Ydraddid*, fear'd. *Sik*, the like.

98 PRIVY-COUNSELLOR'S TALE.

The Knight he blush'd, because he *thote* within,
Such nakidness shall make a saint to fin.—

Gazith Sir AMADOR with all his mite;

Tasteth thereof the Squire but brief delite,

For being more ynclined unto prey,

Stealid their smokkis and their robes away.

The Maidins noted the unworthy swain,

And calling to the Knight, declare their pain;

Soon the ynragid Knight arrest the Squire,

And turnith to the Maids with their attire,

Making excuses, he could do no less,

For his intrusion on their nakidness,

And with profound respect and reverence,

Saluting each by turns, he bears him hence.

He is hardly gone, before they all agree,

They should have done the Knight some cortesy;

And call him back. The eldest suster spoke,

Sir, we be Fairys, living by this *broke*;

And *sikirly* unfit it is for us,

That have such power, to be discourteous;

Wherefore some tokins at our hands receive,

And for myself, this token will I leave,

Wymen to pleasure you shall evir strive

In any land, so long as you're alive,

Thote, thought, *Eroke*, brook, *Sikirly*, certainly.

And

PRIVY-COUNSELLOR'S TALE. 99

And you shall nivr fail in wymen's pleasure,
And when you please, shall please them without
measure.

The second Fairy saith, Sir Knight, my tokin
Is of a nature wondros to be spokin—
And now the Damzill's tale cannot proceed,—
Her face, as any burning coal, is rede—
Quoth then the King, divining fottely,
The word you seek is *Forz* assuredly—
True, saies the Maid; and so the Fairy saith,
That whosoever *Forz* he questioneth,
Shall make an answer; or if none she gives,
The *Forz* shall fare the worse for't while she lives.

My suster, quoth the third, under correction,
Your tokin's good, but lacketh of perfection.
The *Forz* may be, by accidental cause,
So busy, that she cannot move her jaws;
Whenever this doth happen, I intend
Her next door neighbour answer for her friend.

The King no longer can refrain from laughter,
Also the Queen herself him follows after.

"I will reward you well for this anon;
"Meanwhile (quoth he) my pritty Maid, go on."

100 PRIVY-COUNSELLORS TALE.

The Knight *Ne-yvir*, having seen a *Fay*,
 Thinketh they *japen* him in that they say:
 He overtakes the Squire, and on they ride,
 Discoursing on the Fairys, side by side:
 Happened a *Freer* of a neighbouring abbey,
 Rideth abroad in gallant pomp that day;
 Mounted he is upon a dapple mare,
 And loketh altogether void of care;
 Rosy his cheeks, a twinkling hazle eye,
 He seemid Patriarke of Venerie:
 Or, Pontiff of renowned *Baal-Peor*,
 Certes you shall not oft meet such a *Freer*,

Ne-yvir, never. *Fay*, Fairy. *Japen*, banter.

Freer, Friar.

Baal-Peor, or *Baal-Phegor*, from whence, perhaps, *Pego*, and the adjunct *Βαλλοκ*, whose Priests are opprobriously called *Βαλλοκς*, or *Followers of Baal-Peor*; who, according to Dr. Middleton, was a God of the Moabites, the same with *Priapus*. (See *Germana quædam Monumenta*, by Dr. Conyers Middleton, S. T. P. in quarto, p. 65. with two monuments, elegantly engraved, of *Βαλλοκ-πεγω*.) The Doctor says, from the authority of the Fathers, that he was the hobby-horse of the women of Israel, p. 69. That the new-married women had an *Idolum Tentiginis*, which our language is incapable of rendering; and, that they not only took great delight in getting astride of this idol, but they were enjoined to do so, as a religious ceremony. The Doctor has given a description of one of these idols, which he has had the good fortune to see at Rome. As our Ladies are not under any obligation to practise all the ceremonies of the Ladies of Israel, I am less concerned at my want of erudition to explain to them sufficiently the meaning of several of the Doctor's terms.

The

PRIVY-COUNSELLOR'S TALE. 101

The Knight accosteth him, noteth the beaf,
 The dapple mare that bears the stately priest;
Folz, saies the Knight, I question thee to say,
 Whither thy master hieth him this way?
 Finding she needs must answer him par force,
 Distinctly answers *Folz*, tho' somewhat hoarse,
 What you require, I will deliver brief,
 My master is *avowterer* and thief;
 He hath robb'd the sacresty of churches plate,
 And to his *lemman* beareth it in state.
 The Priest, astony'd such a voice to find,
 Believeth Sathanas is there behind;

The Idol's head is like the head of a cock; but instead of a beak, is a stupendous *Fascinum*: Upon the base is inscribed, *ΣΟΤΗΡ ΚΟΣΜΟΥ*, the Saviour of the World.

I cannot believe (however respectable the authority) that the children of the Roman Nobility wore the *Fascinum* about their necks. I do not mean that it is an unbecoming ornament; one may be easily convinced of the contrary, by casting an eye upon the two belonging to the Doctor, and his friend Dr. Warren, with which, as I said before, he has obliged the Public, in his Genuine Antiquities; but, considering the ingenuity of the Romans, why might not their *Fascinum* be the same, and for the same purpose, as that of the Chinese? If the Doctor had seen those of Mrs. Chenix, he certainly would have been of another opinion. But what is, the most remarkable of all, is, that in the Chinese language *Διδω* signifies a *charm*. A convincing argument of the weakness of an hypothesis, supported only by the etymology of words.

Avowterer, adulterer. *Lemman*, mistress.

102 PRIVY-COUNSELLOR'S TALE.

Descendeth from the mare, voweth repentaunce,
Leving the Knight talking with new acquaintance;
The Priest is lame, and no great hast can make,
He waddles like a duck eftir a drake.

Folz, quoth the Knight, pray tell me, as we go,
What is it makes the Freer waddil so?

Sir, quoth the *Folz*, about a year ago,
Our Abbot and my Master, Freer JOHN,
Discoursing, riding round the Abbot's Perk,
Of leachery and prankis in the derk;
The Abbot softly *rounith* brother JOHN,
All fauncies have I *proven* everich one,
Whereby a man may find the greatest joy,
The pleasanteft his talents to employ,
Yet thereto, tho' I oft have been inclin'd,
Have not I yvir practic'd *out of kind*.
Nor I, saies Freer JOHN, I do declare;
Trie we then, saies the Abbot, with the mare:
But reason giveth property the place,
Wherefor thyself shalt have the first embrace.
Freer consents, and, for his evil deeds,
Ungirds the cords whereon he strings the beads;

Rounith, whispers. *Proven*, tried. *Out of kind*, unnaturally.

Bindeth

PRIVY-COUNSELLOR'S TALE. 103

Bindeth therewith mine hinder leggis twain,
Holdeth me fast the Abbot by the rein;
And letting go his steed, he praunceth by,
And with a kick lamid the Freer's thigh;
Else I had been, upon my corp'ral oath,
Ravyshed by a Freer and Abbot both.

Now forward Knight and strange companion trots,
Laughing the Knight, and communing with *Folz*;
Upon a hill not far they do descry
A cassil fair, with *townris* broad and high;
Shaped their course unto the cassil strait,
Opin'd the Porter hath the cassil gate;
The Seneschal hath led the Squire and Knight
Through goodly chambris curiously *bedight*,
Unto an hall hung round with tapistry,
Of PHARON'S Host *drenchid* in the Red Sea:
There at their supper sit the Gouvernante,
Or Lady of the Cassil, and her Aunt.

■ This Lady is a Wedo, fresh and young,
And frolicksome, and hath a merry tong—
And looks so kind, and sings such lovesome strains,
No marvel that her Lord hath *braff* his reins.

Welcome, Sir Knight, fares me, unto my board,
I have not seen a nobler since my Lord.

Townris, towers. *Drenchid*, drowned. *Tong*, tongue.
Braff, broke.

104 PRIVY-COUNSELLOR'S TALE.

The Knight and Squire sit them down to eat,
The board is cover'd with all kind of meat;
Rich wines the Pages pour in cristall glasse,
And many a choice conceit and laugh doth passe,
The hour is late, tarrieth the Aunt for spite,
Riseth the Lady, wisheth a good night.

The Knight in bed, as thinketh on his Host,
Sleep hath he none, for wantonness of ghost.
This bounteous Wedo gives her maids a call,
Chusing the best, and fairest of them all;
Biddeth her go unto the Knight, and say,
She comes to solace him till it is day;
And that her Lady bids her say in bed,
How much she wishes she was in her stead;
Bot may not have the opportunity,
Because, for spite, her Aunt with her doth lie.
The maidin flies, her heart with gladness beats,
Strippith, and creepith in between the sheets;
Turnith the Knight unto the maidin gent,
And both do passe the time with moch content—
And asir they had ragid to the full,
Strokid the Knight, and giveth Fetz a pull,
And saieth, little Fetz, tellich me true,
Be you aggriev'd with that I've done at you—
As I am a Christian, Fetz, replied she,
I nivr pass'd a night with so much glee—

Up

Up starts the Maidin, runne-h in dismay,
 Into the room next that her Lady lay,
 And finds her Lady up, and sitting there,
 Musing and pond'ring in an elbow-chair.
 Yon Knight, quoth she, is a witch, or something
 badder,

He conjur'd hath the Devil in my bladder;
 After he did me twenty times, and more,
 Oftner than ever I was done before,
 He pulleth *Fotz*, and of its own accord
 Spekid the mouth than nivr utters word—
 Child, quoth the Lady, set your mind at ease,
 Most of us all have had the same disease,
 Working anights at such a grievous rate,
 Lozens the *Fotz*'s tongue, and makes it prate:
 The Lady thinks to humour her is best,
 She deems her head is light for want of rest—
 Yes, saies the Maid, they have tongis without doubt,
 I have seen *Forzes* tongis hanging out—
 Go, get to rest, replies the Lady bright,
 A little sleep will set your matters right.
 The Maidin goes, the Lady at the dore
 Harkneth, and stealeth to Sir Amabore;
 Sir Knight, quoth she, it is not very civil,
 To give my Maiden's *Fotz* unto the Devil;
Fotz is no chamber for so mean a groom,
 He might have been content with a worse room.

I use no fiend, quoth he, but have a skill,
 To make what *Folz* I please, talk when I will—
 Talk, saies the Lady, I engage this ring,
 You neither make it talk, whyffel, nor sing—
 Out flew the Knight, most terribly array'd,
 At sight whereof the Dame was nought afraid—
 Upon the bed the Lady hath he pitch'd,
 And there she lay as if she was bewitch'd;
 And after many pleasaunt fancies there,
 Breethed the Knight awhile to take the air;
 And whispering the *Folz*, holding his nose,
 Bidding my Lady's *Folz* tell all she knows.
 Gapith the *Folz*, and gabhill'd far and wide,
 Telling soch things, the Wedo swore she ly'd.
 I yield, says she — you are a skilfull youth;
 I yield, if you will stop that liar's mouth—
 'Tis mighty well, saies he, we soon shall trie,
 Whether my Lady's *Folz* has learnt to lie?—
 And thrusting into *Folz*'s mouth a gag,
 Her next door neighbour's tong began to wag.
 Saies she, in a crack'd voice, like one you feign,
 All that *Folz* saith I'm ready to maintain.
 Enough, the Lady saith, Sir Knight, have done,
 Here, take the ring, I own 'tis fairly won;
 And since you are a Knight of so great pow'r,
 Freely I offer both myself and dower;

And

PRIVY-COUNSELLOR'S TALE. 107

And certes one was made for t'other's sake—
For you can give no more than I can take.

The fabul's finished, the King is *hele*,
The Damzill is contented yvery deal;
And GRIG had sons, and they had many heirs,
And they were all like GRIG, all free from cares,
Their hearts would nivr sink no more than cork,
And tho' no Kings, they still are Dukes of York.

Hele, whole, recovered,

THE

THE
STUDENT OF LAW'S
T. A. L. E.
OR THE
CURE FOR SYMPATHY
T. A. L. E. VI.

He more etchew like Harlowy and Dice
He hath heard his Onkil say there is no vice
But, yvir-smiling, doth intreat her fair.
Altho' she holds him fast he will not wear,
That she will let him go, he softly prays:
Tho' he doth most-aphor the harlot's wais,
Nay, when the wanton stops him in the streets,
All pepil that do pass he humbly greets,
It seems he rather pleaseeth than doth speak;
Speaking to soft, and pynfull, and meek,
A Mien, with an yvir-smiling face,
He more etchew dwellen in that place,
The yvir-semblen of the owner's mind;
Stow in the lamp, near Lodgate, you may find.

Harlow

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THE
STUDENT of LAW'S
T A L E,
OR, THE
CURE for SYMPATHY.
T A L E VI.

SIGN of the Lamb, near Ludgate, you may find
The sign is emblem of the owner's mind;
EMANUEL COOPER dwelleth in that place,
A Mercer, with an yvir-smiling face,
Speking so soft, and pityfull, and meek,
It seems he rather bleateth than doth speak;
All pepil that do pass he humbly greets,
Nay, when the wanton stops him in the streets,
Tho' he doth most abhor the harlot's waies,
That she will let him go, he softly praies:
Altho' she holds him fast he will not swear,
But, yvir-smiling, doth intreat her fair.
He hath heard his Onkil say there is ne vice
He mote eschew like Harlotry and Dice:

Harlots

110 STUDENT OF LAW'S TALE.

Harlots make men unfit to get an heir,
 And Dice consume all that the Harlots spare.
 This Onkil is a Scriv'ner in the Strond,
 Is rich, and lendeth mony upon lond,
 A batchellor, and old, and dredeful fly,
 And trustith not to possibility;
 For he will see EMANUEL have a son,
 Before he builds the house at Edmonten,
 With golden letters wrote upon the wall,
 Advising folk to name it Cooper-hall.

The way EMANUEL took to get a wife,
 Is subject of this Tale, and best of all his life.
 EMANUEL hath near served out his years,
 Having ne vice at all the Onkil fears;
 Ne cause the Onkil hath to be afraid,
 Vice hath he none but craftyness of trade.
 And now above a month his mastir's gone
 To drink the rede cow's milk at Yllington,
 And yvery day they loke him for to die
 Of a Consumption and a Lipprosie,
 And for that he doth trust EMANUEL,
 He leaveth him alone to buy and sell.
 His Dame was bro't up high, and knows not trade,
 To an Earl's Countess was she waiting-maid,
 Posys for rings contrives, and rhimes indites,
 And can discomse either with Squires or Knights.

Having

STUDENT OF LAW'S TALE. 111

Having quaint terms and phrases to propound,
Which those that dwell by Poul's cannot expound;
But she hath long been very sick, and vows,
How she hath got the sickness of her Spouse;
Her Husband's kindred also do proclaim,
How he hath got the sickness of the Dame;
That she hath secret drogues, and but pretends
To use the drogues her Husband's Doctor sends:
And so by following another course,
She is grown better, and the Husband worse.
The Doctor saies, that she is whole and pure,
And doubteth not that he hath done the cure:
Her Spouse will not be cur'd, the Doctor sees,
Because of complication of disease.
Doctor and ISABELL maintain it still,
That ISABELL was smit by RICHARD's ill;
RICHARD rejoices she hath gain'd helth,
Maketh his will, and leaveth her his welth.

ISABELL's eye hath notic'd many a time,
EMANUEL COOPER entering in his prime,
And hath delighted, many a time to see,
Such perfect maiden-like simplicitie.
One ev'ning in her chamber she will sup,
And bids the maid to call EMANUEL up;
Blosshing, and hanging down his heade, he comes,
Sitting him down, and looking at his thumbs;

Upon

112 STUDENT OF LAW'S TALE.

Upon the bed by her she makes him sit,
 And helpeth him to yvery dainty bit;
 Come, saies the Dame, filling a cup quite up,
 Take off this wine, I will not bate a sup;
 Unto my Mastir's helth, quoth he, and drinks it dry,
 Lord take his soul, saies she, and falls to cry;
 Name him no more, for it will break my heart,
 The Doctōr saies, that he shall soon depart,
 And also saies, that when my Spouse is slain,
 I shall not after him long time remain:
 By Sympathy his malady I have,
 And Sympathy shall join us in the grave:
 The remedy for Sympathy is sure,
 But it is one I nivr will endure.
 Quoth then EMANUEL, weeping as he spoke,
 Your case would pierce a heart, if it was oak,
 Bot if you slay the life that you may spare,
 It is a sin as dedely as despair.
 You speke devout, quoth she, but Heav'n's a friend
 To all that mean no ill when they offend.
 Quoth he, that is but *foresly*, I fear,
 For where the law is plain, the fault is clear.
 Is it not written that thou shalt not kill?
 Therefore the crime is both in deed and will.

Sotelly, subtilty.

I do

STUDENT OF LAW'S TALE. 113

I do confess, quoth she, stroaking her ring.
 Deep is the judgment of your reasoning—
 Besides, saies he, my mastir may mend yet—
 With that at once she falls into a fit,
 Catches EMANUEL by the hand, and saies,
 For mercy's sake, EMANUEL, cut my staies.
 EMANUEL takes the knife, and cuts the string,
 And ISABELL about his waift doth cling;
 Feel but my heart, saies she, how it doth beat,
 Put in your hand, EMANUEL, farther, sweet.
 In sooth, quoth he, you are in piteous hap,
 The maid had best come up—I'll give a rap.—
 No, no, quoth she, I thank you for you love,
 Sit down upon the bed, you shall not move;
 Pity for me hath wrought in you distress,
 Another cup will cure your hevyness.
 The wine, to make it richer cordial,
 Mingled the Dame, Cantharides withall;
 EMANUEL drinks it up, the wine is choice,
 Wipeth his mouth, and cleareth up his voice.
 Madam, quoth he, if Heaven doth intend,
 To take away my Mastir, and my friend,
 The bysness of the shop I'll undertake,
 Both for your own, and for my Mastir's sake.
 In that I am contented well, quoth she,
 Could I but take the Cure for Sympathy;

I

It

114 STUDENT OF LAW'S TALE.

It is a filthy cure—EMANUEL, mark;
 You may suppose yourself to be the spark:
 Take a young spark, it saies, and let him be,
 A maid, and modest, not past twenty-three;
 From twenty-three shall he begin to count,
 And do the deed, 'till he to thirty mount;
 And he must secret swear, and also both
 Shall bind their member with a fearfull oath,
 That neither he nor she shall find delite
 But do the act, as if it was for spite.
 Quoth then EMANUEL, stiff as any stake,
 For now the wine hath made him quite awake,
 As to the maiden-term am not afraid;
 As Blessid MARY am I very maid;
 I am but three and twenty yesterday;
 But for the oath I know not what to say;
 I am content myself it so should be,
 If that the members also will agree.
 That's in your pow'r, saies she, there is no doubt,
 If you'll not think of what you are about;
 You must contrive, when you are occupy'd,
 To think of any other thing beside:
 For instance, when you are arrived there,
 Keep thinking of a rabbit or a hare;
 And we need never feel, nor know no more,
 Than doth the shuttle-cock and battledore;

Without

STUDENT OF LAW'S TALE. 115

Without more words this treaty shall have force,
And all the rest are only forms of course.

Leave we the parties interchangeably,
To take the solemn oath, and ratify.
They both went on, thinking and nothing saying,
'Till the last payment of the sum was paying;
And then EMANUEL cried out, I find,
I cannot keep the hare within my mind;
When once you fall a spinning like a top,
Rabbit and hare out of my mind do hop—
Go on, you fool, saies she, what makes you stop. }
The sum is paid, yet still in bed they lay;
His Sympathy is not quite sweat away;
Up stairs the maiden comes, raps at the dore,
Shouting, my Mastir's dede for yvirmore;
His man from Yslington doth say, below,
That he went off as any child shall go.
Shout not, the Dame replies, I understand,
(Holding EMANUEL's handle in her hand;)
Run to the Undertaker of our street,
I fear me, RICHARD will not long keep sweet.
I go, quoth she, EMANUEL this day,
Too far for health to lose it in the way;
And as it needs must be provoking pain,
To run this race of penitence again,

116 STUDENT OF LAW'S TALE.

And as—your three-and-twentieth year is out,
It is but safe to take another bout.
If this had been but a pretence or trick,
She mote have pleaded false arithmetick;
But, as she fairly own'd the whole receipt,
It's evident, she had no design to cheat:
And so EMANUEL, after some pause,
Mended the Bill and put in a new clause.—

I will not paint the dismal funeral,
The Wedo's lamentations tragical?
Whoso delighteth to depicture woe,
Richly deserveth wretchedness also:
Yet can I not describe without a sigh,
The penalties that wait on perjury,
EMANUEL is foresworn; it is his doom,
To languish with one foot within the tomb:
For three whole moons in raging pain he lay,
The fourth, the perjur'd limb is snatch'd away.
Heav'n is pleas'd at last, EMANUEL's sound,
And for so small a loss glad to compound.
What great Philosophers observe is true,
Altho' a member will not grow a-new;
Yet, notwithstanding this, the member's brother
Fares better for the absence of the other;
For, when they go together in a pair,
The next surviving brother is the heir:

But

STUDENT OF LAW'S TALE. 117

But if they're single, and the right not plain,
The benefit devolves upon the brain;
And thus EMANUEL, having need of it,
Receives a pritty legacy in wit:
He gives the Potiker and Surgeon fee,
To keep the loss of member secrecy.

No longer to the 'Change EMANUEL resorts,
He is allwaies at the Stews and Inns of Courts;
He drinks, and beats the watch, lies out anights,
Living with Lawyers Clerks and wicked wights.
In greatest grief is interval of ease;
One day the Wedoe seizeth one of these,
Calleth EMANUEL, sheweth plain the case,
How, from the lewdness of his last embrace,
It happens that she is not healid quite—
Trie to be more compos'd, saies she, to-night.
Compos'd! EMANUEL saith; it cannot be;
With you I needs must feel felicitie.
To do an act like this, from gen'rous sense,
Without desire is true Benevolence:
Benevolence belongs to marry'd life;
'Tis what the Law bestows upon a wife.
Benevolence, for Lawyers various speak,
Some say is once a month, some once a week;
However, from the whole it doth appear,
One should not put it off beyond the year.

118 STUDENT OF LAW'S TALE.

I own there is another sentiment,
 That once in a whole life-time is sufficient ;
 Benevolence, say these puzzlers and confounders,
 Is just the same as riding of the Bounders.
 EMANUEL, quoth she, I cannot guess,
 Whether your modesty or wit is less ;
 Wit in a Mercer is both sin and shame ;
 Return it to the Stews, from whence it came—
 I value not, quoth he, your wipes a straw ;
 I find great use in studying of the Law ;
 And now observe—To all and singular,
 EMANUEL COOPER hereby doth declare,
 By Virtue of Recovery and Surrender,
 It is agreed between him and his member,
 That he, the said EMANUEL, shall direct,
 And, for the future, shew him no respect ;
 And he, the said EMANUEL, doth disclaim,
 All further sinfull knowledge of his Dame,
 In any fashion, or in any place,
 At any time, or upon any case :
 Provided, and it is hereby agreed,
 If he and she to marrying accede,
 This shall by no meens hinder the good man,
 Then, and at all times, to perform the best he can—

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STUDENT OF LAW'S TALE. 119

This crafty covenant between these twain,
Hath made the Wedo think till thinking's vain;
And finding now no hope on other score,
Resolves at once, and doubteth niver more—
Calleth her friends, maketh for life the lease,
And sleepeth with EMANUEL in peace;
And, to compleat his and the Onkil's joy,
Bringeth him once a year a curious boy;
And now the Onkil's dead, and they have all,
And keep their Christenmas at COOPER-HALL.

STUDENTS OF LAW

The following are the names of the students of law who have been admitted to the law school of the University of the State of New York for the year 1900.

And having been admitted to the law school of the University of the State of New York for the year 1900.

Under the name of the law school of the University of the State of New York for the year 1900.

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P * * T Y ' S T A L E ;

OR, THE

CAVALIER NUN.

T A L E VII.

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Y's T A L A N

OR THE

Y A L I E R N U N

P * * * T A L A N

C A V A L I E R N U N

and how I hope and wish
to make great things
VII. The first of these

the House of R

and directed
a pair of eyes at Branch
compulsively sweet

Lady CAROLINE R

like those words of the
the naming words to Angels given

each impure and evil desire
the forbidden fruit are driven

P * * T Y ' S T A L E ;

O R, T H E

C A V A L I E R N U N .

*Novimus et qui te, transversa tuentibus hircis,
Et quo sed faciles nymphae risere sacello.*

T A L E V I I .

BOTH high and low ! simple and wise !

Agree in making a great bustle,

About a certain pair of eyes,

Belonging to the House of R——E.

Tho' not so awful and discreet,

There was a pair of eyes at Brussels,

Far more compassionately sweet,

Than Lady CAROLINA R——L's.

Her eyes are like those swords of fire,

The flaming swords to Angels given,

By which impure and rash desire

From the forbidden fruit are driven.

Far

Far other eyes are those I mean,
 I speak of an inviting pair,
 The property of frail eighteen,
 A Nun as amorous as fair.

Impassion'd eyes, fit for a Nun;
 Eyes that Love lights, and VENUS shapes;
 Eyes, like the gilding of the Sun,
 Gilding ripe nectarines and grapes.

The Lady abbess was her aunt,
 And, as they lay in the same cell,
 The Abbess was so complaisant,
 She pass'd her time exceeding well.

She had the privilege alone
 Of running in the convent-ground,
 Surrounded by high walls of stone,
 Just like a filly in a pound.

Within this close were shady trees,
 And there an Oratory stood;
 A Chapel of delight and ease,
 When folks delight in doing good.

After her matines and her complines,
 Here she spent many pleasant hours;
 Instead of making cakes and dumplings,
 Purfes and artificial flow'rs.

'Twas

*Twas a delightful life she led,
Here every day she met her Monk,
Unless he was confin'd in bed,
Which was the case when he was drunk.

One day within this Oratory,
As she was with her Monk in chat,
Instead of being solitary,
And melancholy as a cat;

Chatt'ring with many a lewd device,
In which they neither were to seek,
Tricks that Love teaches in a trice,
Better than studying a week;

In gibberish, and playful cant,
Father, says she, pulling him down,
I've a great mind to turn gallant,
And give your Rev'rence a green gown:

And, like my Aunt, I'll make you mad,
As mad as King NEBUCHADNAZOR,
When she transforms you to a pad,
As he was turn'd into a grazier.

For all your stiffness and your pride,
With whip and spur I'll make you run:
To which the humble Monk reply'd,
Spouse of the Lord, thy will be done.

Her

Her pad as sturdy as a miller's,
 She taught to rear, curvet and prance,
 Make graceful caprioles, and dance,
 As if he was between the pillars.

The Nun cry'd out, My Lady Abbess!
 My Lady Abbess ! without cease,
 Your ways are ways of pleasantness,
 And all your paths are joy and peace.

This whole TALE is comprized in a single
 Monkish distich, which the Author has, with in-
 finite delight, often heard repeated by the person
 whose name this TALE bears. As the TALE is en-
 tirely taken from that hint, his worthy friend has
 the best title to it.

*In viridi prato Monialem ludere vidi
 Cum Monacho leuiter, ille sub illa super.*

Don

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Don PRINGELLO's
T A L E;

THE
FELLOWSHIP of the Holy NUNS;
OR, THE
MONK's wife JUDGMENT.

T A L E VIII.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

DON PRINGELLO'S TALES

THE

FELLOWSHIP OF THE HOLY NUNS;

OR, THE

MONK'S WIFE JUDGMENT.

T A L E VIII.

Don Pringello was a celebrated Spanish Duke, and was renowned for his generosity. At his own expense, he had built on the other side of the Pyrenean Mountains, many noble castles, both for his own use, and for the people, one of his own castles, he had built several palaces, situated upon the banks of that delightful river, the Gironde, at Bayonne, and some over on the opposite bank, at Bay-Castel, but which with its venerable remains, he could only be preserved upon to add a few ornaments, suitable to the site and taste of the age it was built in.

THERE is a noble man, call'd Chear,

A city, famous for its name,

For French, and Spaniards, and Phoenicians' name,

And for the best of hills in France.

II

THE

DON PRINGELLO'S TALE:

THE FELLOWSHIP of the Holy NUNS; OR, THE MONK'S wife JUDGMENT.

— *Detur potiori.*

T A L E VIII.

DON PRINGELLO was a celebrated Spanish Architect, of unbounded generosity. At his own expence, on the other side of the Pyrenean Mountains, he built many noble castles, both for private people and for the *public*, out of his own funds; he repaired several palaces, situated upon the pleasant banks of that delightful river, the Garonne, in France, and came over on purpose to rebuild CRAZY-CASTLE; but, struck with its venerable remains, he could only be prevailed upon to add a few ornaments, suitable to the stile and taste of the age it was built in.

THERE is a noble town, call'd Ghent,
A city, famous for its wares,
For Priests, and Nuns, and Flanders mares,
And for the best of fish in Lent.

K

There

130 DON PRINGELLO'S TALE.

There you may see, threat'ning destruction,
A hundred forts of strong redoubts,
Just like VAUBAN's, with in's and outs,
And cover'd-ways of Love's construction.

In one constructed as above,
There dwelt two Nuns of the same age,
Join'd like two birds in the same cage,
Both by necessity and love.

In towns of idleness and sloth,
Where the chief trade is tittle tattle,
Tho' Priests are commoner than cattle,
They had but one between them both.

Our Nuns should have had two at least,
In Ghent they're common as great guns,
Which made it hard upon our Nuns,
And harder still upon the Priest.

But he was worthy of all praise,
With spreading shoulder, and a chest,
A leg, a chine and all the rest,
Like HERCULES of the FARNESSE.

Amongst the Nuns there was a notion,
That these two sisters were assign'd,
To him, for a severer kind
Of penitential devotion.

His

DON PRINGELLO'S TALE. 131

His penance lasted a whole year,
And he had such a piece of work;
If it had been for turning Turk,
It could not have been more severe.

Our Nuns, which is no common case,
Living together without jangling,
All on a sudden fell a wrangling
About precedency and place.

They both with spleen were like to burst,
Like two proud Misses when they fight
At an Assembly for the right
Of being taken out the first.

Before the Priest they made this clatter,
Between them both he was perplex'd,
And study'd to find out a text
To end the controverted matter.

Children, said he, scratching his scone,
I should be better pleas'd than you,
Could I divide myself in two,
And satisfy you both at once.

Angels, perhaps, may have such pow'rs,
But it is fit and reasonable,
That you should be more reasonable,
Whilst you're with beings such as our's.

132 DON PRINGELLO'S TALE.

Be friends, and listen to the teacher,
Cease your vain clamour and dispute,
Be ye like little fishes mute
Before St. ANTHONY the Preacher.

To end at once all disputation,
I'll set my back against that gate,
And there produce erect and straight,
The cause of all your altercation.

But first you both shall hooded be,
But so effectually blinded,
'Twill be impossible to find it,
Except by Chance or Sympathy.

Which of you first, be it agreed,
The rudder of the Church can seize,
Like PETER's Vicar with the keys,
Shall keep the helm and have the lead;
She shall go first, I mean to say,
And have precedence ev'ry day.

The Nuns were tickled with the jest,
They were content, and he contriv'd
To give the helm for which they striv'd,
To her that manag'd it the best.

THE

DON PRINGELLO'S TALE.

Be friends, and listen to the teacher,

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Be ye like little fishes more

Before St. Anthony the Preacher.

THE

To end at once all disputation,

POET'S TALE;

And there produce erect and straight

The cause of all our nation.

OR, THE

CAUTIOUS BRIDE.

But to effectually blinded,

'Twill be impossible to find it,

Except by Chance or sympathy.

T A L E I X.

The milder of the Church can leave

Like Peter's Vicar with the keys,

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

She shall go first, I mean to say,

And have precedence ev'ry day.

The Nuns were tickled with the jest,

They were contriv'd and he contriv'd

To give the helm for which they striv'd,

To her that manag'd it the best.

T H E

The Poet's Tale;

OR, THE

CAUTIOUS BRIDE.

POET ALEX. H.

BRIDES, in all countries, have been reckon'd
For the first night, warm and coolish;
And the second, cold and foolish.

By attention and grimaces,
In many a case, and ticklish cases,
They find to lose, and ought to gain.

A Bridegroom, on the second night,
Whip off the bed-clothes in surprise;
Behold, my dear, said he, a light,
Enough to make your choice rise.

She turn'd away, as red as scarlet,
While he continued, pray, behold,
Lay hands on that outrageous varlet,
That looks so impudent and bold.

The POET'S TALE;
OR, THE
CAUTIOUS BRIDE.

T A L E IX.

BRIDES, in all countries, have been reckon'd
For the first night, timid and coolish;
If they continue to the second,
They always have been reckon'd foolish:

The reason's obvious and plain,
In many nice and ticklish cases,
There's much to lose, and nought to gain,
By affectation and grimaces.

A Bridegroom, on the second night,
Whipt off the bed-cloaths in surprize;
Behold, my dear, said he, a sight,
Enough to make your choler rise.

She turn'd away, as red as scarlet,
Whilst he continued, pray behold,
Lay hands on that outrageous varlet,
That looks so impudent and bold.

This is the fifteenth time in vain,
He has been sent to jail, and fetter'd,
For there's no prison can contain
A prison-breaker like JACK SHEPHERD.

The Bride turn'd round, and took her place;
After some studying and thinking,
Said she, recovering her face,
Tho' modesty still kept her winking:

In vain the vagabond's committed,
And to hard work and labour sent,
If you, his keeper, are outwitted,
By his pretending to repent:
You treat him ruggedly and hard,
Whilst any insolence appears,
But you're disarm'd, and off your guard,
The moment that he falls in tears.

Now you must know that I suspect
A fellow-feeling in some shape,
Or else you would not, thro' neglect,
Let him continually escape.

I'll lend no hand, unless you'll swear,
That you'll deliver him to me,
And suffer me to keep him there,
'Till I consent to set him free.

THE

This is the fifteenth time in vain,

He has been sent to jail, and better'd,

XXXXXX

A prison-breaker like JACK SHEPHERD.

The Bride turn'd round, and took her place,

After some little thought and thinking,

Said she, recovering her face,

Governor of T*LBURY's

T A L E;

And to hard work and labour sent,

If you, his prisoner, are sent,

By his pretending to repent,

Unreasonable COMPLAINT.

You treat him roughly and hard,

Whilst any indulgence appears,

But you're afraid of your fears,

The moment that he falls in tears,

Now you must know that I suspect

A fellow-feeble in some shape,

Or else you would not, thro' neglect,

XXXXXX

I'll lend no hand, unless you'll swear,

That you'll deliver him to me,

And suffer me to keep him there,

And I'll consent to let him free

(133)

THE
Governor of T*LBURY'S

T A L E ;

OR THE
UNREASONABLE COMPLAINTS

T A L E ;

A French peasant dwelt near Nantes,
For they're synonymous in France,

When every day of his vile life,
When he had nothing else to do,
Thrust'd, or apply'd his wooden shoe,
To the possessor of his wife.

But as all good and evil's equal,
All was balanc'd in the sequel;

Every night, he had that bride,
His debit, on the whole amount
Of the possessor account,

Was balanc'd by the other side.

THE
Governor of T*LBURY'S
T A L E;
OR, THE
Unreasonable COMPLAINT.

T A L E X.

A Brute, a Peasant dwelt near Nantz,
For they're synonymous in France,
Who ev'ry day of his vile life,
When he had nothing else to do,
Thrash'd, or apply'd his wooden shoe,
To the posteriors of his wife.

But as all good and evil's equal,
All was balanc'd in the sequel;
Every night, he had that pride,
His debit, on the whole amount
Of the posterior account,
Was balanc'd by the other side.

Like

Like debts of honour, lost at play,
 Before he slept, he was sure to pay;
 And ev'ry morn, before he rose,
 He left her, over and above,
 A token of his constant love,
 Steady and constant as his blows.

One morning at his Spouse's levée,
 The blows and curses fell so heavy,
 Before the Lady of the place
 Poor JAQUETTE ran with her complaint,
 With all the red and purple paint,
 Bestow'd upon her nose and face.

The Lady pity'd her just grief,
 And took a course for her relief:
 PIERRE was summon'd to appear,
 And must have rotted in a jail,
 Had he not found sufficient bail,
 For his behaviour for a year.

The dread of fines, a jail and whipping,
 Like other folks, kept him from tripping.
 About a month after this pass'd,
 For JAQUETTE the good Lady sent,
 And ask'd her if she was content,
 And PIERRE peaceable at last.

Truly,

THE GOVERNOR OF
T*LBURY'S TALE.

141

Truly, says he, I must confess,
That mine's a singular distress;
For tho' he beat me black and blue,
At night he always made it up,
In bed, over a chearful cup,
Where I was as content as you.

But now, he says he's off of his mettle,
Because we've no accounts to settle.
Let him indulge his appetite,
This very day let him begin
A fresh account upon my skin,
And settle it this very night.

After such plenty of good fare,
To be reduc'd is hard to bear;
What then my Lady, must I feel,
Depriv'd entirely of my meat,
Without a morsel left to eat,
Except what I can beg or steal?

The Lady cry'd, You'd make one think,
That you did nought but eat and drink.
Did you live always at this pass;
Or now and then, and then it ceas'd,
Like Shrovetide, or a village Feast,
Or like a Bishop's saying Mass.

A tear

142 THE GOVERNOR'S TALE.

A tear stood trembling in her eye,
Whilst JAQUETTE made her this reply:

He was as sure as the Church-chimes :
And I can say, what few can say,

He allow'd me three warm meals a day,
And afternoons, too, sometimes.

'Twas not from indigestion,
That never was the question :

If now and then my fare was worse,
It was, because the day before
He happen'd to allow me more,
Than was convenient for his purse.

The Lady cry'd, Submit in quiet :

My Spouse all day shall thrash his fill,
I'll never say that I'm us'd ill,
If he'll allow me such a diet,

THE

THE GOVERNOR'S TALE.

A tear stood trembling in her eye,
While JACQUETTE made her this reply:
He was as sure as the Church-chimes:
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX
He allow'd me three warm meals a day,
And afternoons, too, sometimes.

THE
NOBLE REVENGE;
OR, THE
L * * B'S TALE;
T A L E XI.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

THE

THE
HISTORY OF
THE
CITY OF
NEW YORK

FROM THE
FUNDAMENTALS OF
THE
CITY OF
NEW YORK
TO THE
PRESENT
STATE OF
THE
CITY OF
NEW YORK

BY
JOHN
ROBERTSON
OF
THE
CITY OF
NEW YORK
AND
OF
THE
CITY OF
NEW YORK

THE
NOBLE REVENGE;
OR, THE
L * * B ' S T A L E.

T A L E XI.

ALL people, languages, and nations,
In summer-time have country stations,
And have contrivances and ways,
Some very old, and others new,
To get the better of long days,
Which are the hardest to subdue.

In Italy the morning passes
In visiting and hearing masses;
And every creature, after dinner,
Retire in couples, or alone,
Both male and female, faint and sinner,
Strip themselves naked as a stone.

All the world's out when night approaches,
 A-foot, in curricles and coaches;
 Then they give concerts, and act plays,
 And sup at one another's houses;
 The Wives go with their Chechibays,
 Their Mates with other people's spouses.

In France, and probably in Spain,
 Summer gets on with toil and pain;
 The Ladies sally, with long canes,
 To gather flowers, or pick a fallet,
 Attended by fantastic swains,
 Like Figure-dancers in a Ballet.

Some stay within, and do much better;
 Some only stay to write a letter;
 Others into the garden run,
 To bowl, or shoot with bows and arrows;
 STREPHON, with CHLOE and a gun,
 Makes love, and fires among the sparrows;
 Kill all the tenants of the grove,
 But let those live that only live to love.

Pray, how do English summers go?
 They pass their summers but so so;

More

More like the Germans than the French ;
Drinking as long as they are able,
And never thinking of a wench,
'Till all the liquor's off the table.

But when they give their mind that way,
No people more alert than they.
VENUS is cruelly afraid,
BACCHUS encroaches there so much,
Lest he should spoil the Cyprian trade,
As PLUTUS spoils it with the Dutch.

One summer, in the month of June,
My Lady was quite out of tune ;
To set things right, she and my Lord
Repair to the old country-feat,
Which to enjoy with one accord,
They lie apart, and seldom meet.

They neither need to mope alone,
Each have companions of their own ;
His are the worst, without all question,
Led-Captains, Squires, Parsons, without end ;
Her's, females of a strong digestion,
MINGOTTI, and her fiddling friends.

But then my Lord had a resource,
Which made things equaller, of course ;
There is a place his Lordship chuses,
I know not upon what pretence,
To call the Temple of the Muses,
Built with less judgment than expence.

To push on time a little faster,
My Lord, appointing a toast-master,
Oft to the Temple's sacred shade
Retires, like NUMA to his charmer,
To meet some fav'rite Chamber-maid,
Or the fair Daughter of some Farmer.

One afternoon a spy reveal'd
The secrets that those walls conceal'd—
When my Lord was inclin'd to take it,
There was a room for making tea,
My Lady's woman us'd to make it,
And always us'd to keep the key.

He had left off tea sometime ; but why,
ABIGAIL was resolv'd to spy.
Within the room she made, or found,
A hole to peep into the next ;
Her labour with success was crown'd,
Tho' the discovery made her vex'd.

He

He left off tea, you may infer,
Because he was tir'd to death of her.
She saw, as plain as eyes could see,
And never saw him half so keen,
My Lord, as busy as a bee,
Sipping the sweets of sweet Eighteen.

To be discarded and turn'd off,
Of every servant wench the scoff,
For whom? the wife of a mean Taylor :
Such was the Nymph in the Muses house ;
She look'd as if she could impale her,
Even as a Taylor would a louse.

My Lord return'd, fated with glory,
And BETTY ran to tell her story—
Says she, Your Ladyship's so kind,
My zeal for you made me suspicious ;
I watch'd, but never thought to find
Any thing downright flagitious.

Against mankind she declaimed next,
And then stuck closely to her text ;
Minutely painted the whole scene,
The Nymph, her age, her lovely figure ;
And, to increase her Lady's spleen,
She magnify'd his Lordship's vigour.

Great was her Ladyship's distress,
How she would act, is hard to guess :
All folks allow revenge is sweet,
And many think there's nothing sweeter ;
But 'tis a maxim with the Great,
The meaner the revenge, the greater.

Caprice, according to FONTAINE,
Guides almost every female brain :
If meer caprice can raise a flame,
To make a Dwarf enjoy a Queen ;
Revenge may make the noblest Dame
Employ an instrument as mean.

Nature, left to herself, most prone is,
To follow the *Lex talionis* :
In every nice and doubtful case,
My Lady drove as Nature led ;
And so she took, in my Lord's place,
Her rival's husband to her bed.

A Taylor's nothing on his board ;
In bed, he's better than a Lord ;
Her Ladyship found him so there ;
And by his help, after ten years,
At last produc'd a Son and Heir,
That made my Lord the happiest of Peers.

To the LADIES.

LADIES, you have heard of Tit for Tat;

Lex talionis was like that :

It was an equitable law, whereby

You weigh'd the person and the failure ;

It gave you tooth for tooth, and eye for eye,

And for a Lord, sometimes a Taylor.

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
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